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Police! Magazine

A Magazine for the Public

UGUST

Illustration from "My First Day On The Beat"
(Page 27)

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Police Magazine

UNDER AUSPICES OF INTERNATIONAL POLICE CONFERENCE
MONTHLY MAGAZINE NEW YORK POLICE DEPARTMENT

ISSUED BY POLICE PUBLISHING CO., INC., 487 BROADWAY, NEW YORK PHONE CANAL 9770
Entered as Second Class Matter at the Post Office at New York, April 22, 1924, under the Act of March 3, 1879

AUGUST, 1924, VOL. 1, No. 4 $2.50 THE YEAR, 25c THE COPY

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Police Magazine offers $100 for the Best Story received before August 30. Limit, 5,000 words.

The story can be serious or humorous but preference will be given to stories that have not been exploited in the press. Literary style not important—the story counts.

Choice of the prize story will be made by the editorial staff of the magazine and announcement of the result will be made about September 23.

Other stories submitted will not be used without their author's consent.

Because of the length of time needed to reach certain police districts, the closing time of this contest has been extended as above.

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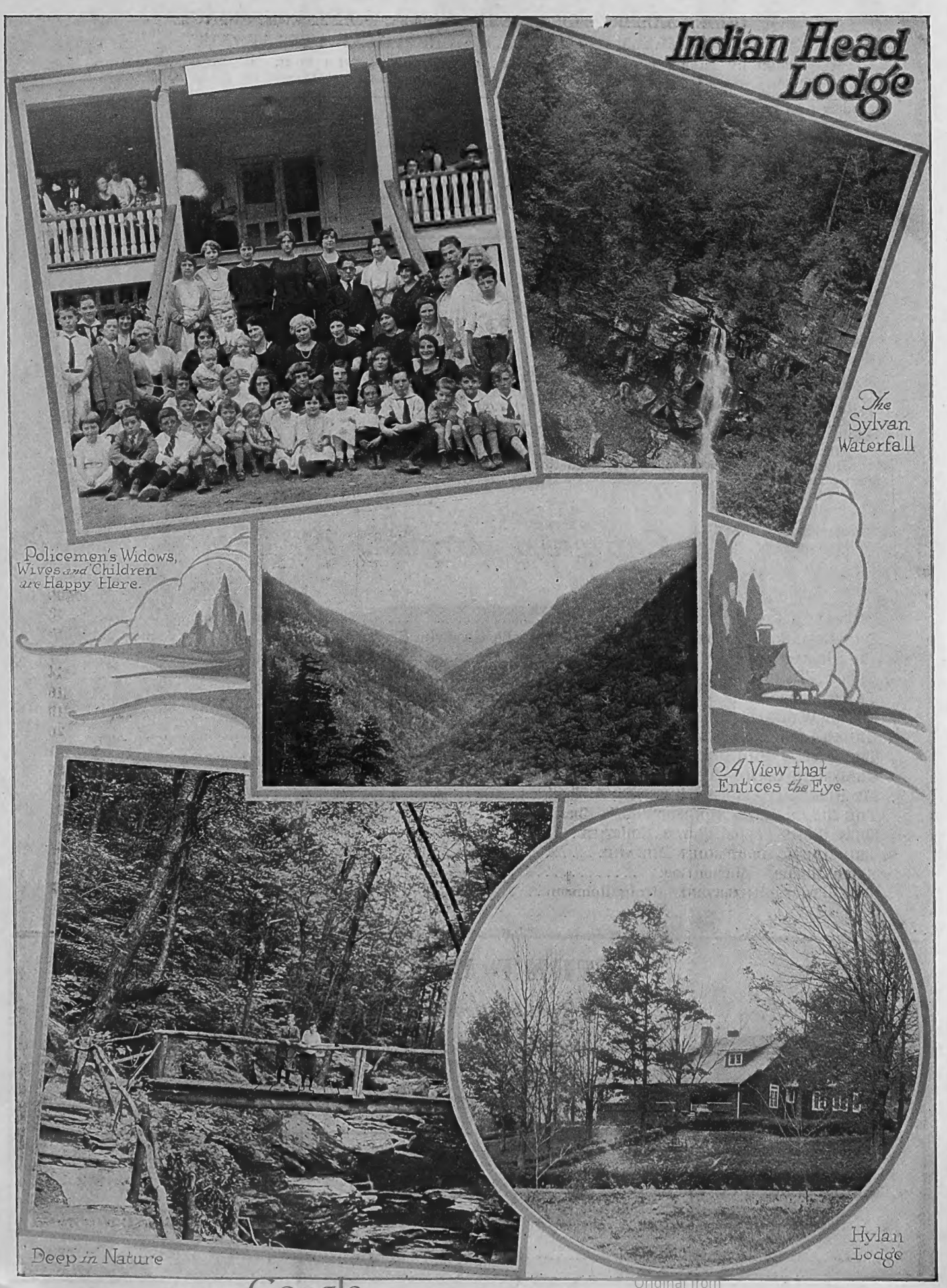
Indian Head Lodge
The Sylvan Waterfall
Policemen's Widows, Wives and Children are Happy Here.
A View that Entices the Eye.
Deep in Nature
Hylan Lodge

Indian Head Lodge, as the New York Police Recreation Camp is now known, is entertaining big crowds

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Police Magazine

UNDER AUSPICES OF THE INTERNATIONAL POLICE CONFERENCE

OFFICIAL MAGAZINE OF THE NEW YORK POLICE DEPARTMENT

Published Monthly by Police Publishing Co., Inc., 487 Broadway, New York

Phone Canal 9770

ERROL E. HART, Editor and Manager GEORGE F. NOLAN, Advertising Manager

Entered as Second Class Matter at the Post Office at New York, April 22, 1924, under the Act of March 3, 1879

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VOL. I. No. 4 NEW YORK, N. Y., AUGUST, 1924 25c the Copy $2.50 the Year

Fifty Years of Mystery

The Charley Ross Case

By JAMES CRAIG

EXACTLY fifty years have passed since Christian K. Ross, coming to his Germantown home from his dry goods store on Market Street, Philadelplhia, asked the whereabouts of his four-year-old son, Charley.

It was a question which was soon passed from the household to the neighborhood, from the neighborhood to the city, from the city to the nation, and from the nation to the world. Millions of tongues have repeated it; the telegraph and the printing press have taken up the cry; perhaps there is no hamlet in the remotest corner of civilization which has not echoed it. Yet it is as unanswered today, doubtless more unanswerable, as it was on that July afternoon in 1874.

The identity of the kidnappers has long been known. They were shot down afterwards in the act of burglary. But the bullet which cut short the life of the one of them who knew where the boy had been secreted put the seal of death forever upon the only hope of information.

Nobody knows, and in all human probability nobody will ever know whether the bones of Charley Ross have long since crumbled into the mould of some obscure grave, or whether there is somewhere today a man of fifty-four who does not dream that he was the lad who went riding with two strangers to buy Fourth of July fireworks and never came back.

Charley Ross (from an old print)

A Misguided Hunt

The most famous of all kidnappings, the most heart-touching affair of its kind in American history, was the abduction of Charley Ross—a lad whose fame has spread around the world.

The hunt for the boy in its earlier or Philadelphia stages involved mistakes that still have their lesson—mistakes that prevented the finding of the boy.

IN the light of experience, the story of Charley Ross seems all the more pitiable from the ignorance and ineptitude which made the search for him then so tragically unsuccessful. The parents blundered, their voluntary advisers blundered, the authorities blundered. It is easier, however, to say these things in full knowledge of the facts than it would have been to point the way to better methods at the time.

Nowadays stealing children for ransom has become almost a commonplace crime. Fifty years ago it was unknown in America. The Charley Ross affair was, in fact, the beginning of a series which has extended to the present. A complete technique for handling such cases has since been developed. The methods employed by those kidnappers today would seem in themselves so bungling that detection would be swift and inevitable. But in view of the then slight public experience with such cases, it is scarcely surprising that, in the presence of a crime so strange, so appalling, so unprecedented, errors of the utmost gravity should have been committed.

FOR months after the boy's disappearance steady communication between the kidnappers and the father was conducted through the postoffice and the personal columns of newspapers. Today it would be simply a matter of police routine to run such clews

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as the letters afforded to earth. It is probable that every letter delivered to the Germantown home bore the sign manual of the writer, in spite of its disguised penmanship and fantastic style. It is pathetic to reflect that the shrewdest minds of the day passed over without attention definite information which now would be clear even to a novice in the science of fingerprints.

As contrasted with the great, roaring city of today, the Philadelphia of 1874 was a peaceful, almost bucolic settlement. Germantown was a suburb given over largely to homes of quiet, middle-class folk. It was here that Christian Ross elected to build the mansion that was to bear witness to his growing prosperity and to shelter his family. Mr. Ross was not a rich man. But trade was good and getting better at the Market street store. His four sons and three daughters were growing up.

Like most Americans of his day, he felt that a fine house would be the fittest monument to his enterprise. At any rate, he put up a handsome two-story structure of stone, surmounted with a cupola and with broad galleries on three sides. It stood on the side of a hill, just off of Washington Lane, dominating its neighborhood with a lofty and majestic air.

It stands there yet. Today it is a gloomy, somewhat dilapidated old house, forlorn, shadowed as houses so often are by its own tragic history. Yet even now it bears mute testimony of its builder's substantial optimism. The chance passer-by of 1924 will leap to the conclusion which doubtless occurred to the rogues who picked it out in 1874 that its owner must have been a man of indisputable wealth.

IN the summer of 1874 Mrs. Ross was in poor health, so she went to Atlantic City for the season, taking one daughter with her and leaving the other children at home. The two youngest, Walter, aged six, and Charley, four, played at will in the streets. One day in the last week of June they came upon a couple of "queer old fellows" sitting in a covered buggy of a kind often used by peddlers, driving an old horse. One of the men had a red mustache, eyeglasses, green cuff buttons, and an open-face watch. The other, older and larger, wore a beard, had a nose that was crooked as if by some accident, wore spectacles with gold rims and had two gold rings.

The men greeted the boys in friendly fashion. One of them offered some candy, which the lads eagerly accepted. Walter and Charley inspected the horse, asking the questions boys will on such occasions. The men promised some day to take them for a ride and let them drive the horse, if they would be good. For several days thereafter Walter and Charley encountered their new friends. By the time they were ready to act the strangers had completely won the confidence of the youngsters.

On the afternoon of July 1 the boys demanded their promised ride. They wanted to get fireworks, they said. Charley climbed into the seat between the two rogues. Walter sat on the knee of one of the men and was permitted to handle the reins. Walter was so delighted that he did not realize the men were taking him into a part of the city that was entirely strange. Then Charley became tired and homesick and began to cry. The lads were then told they were almost at "Aunt Susie's" store, at which they were to get fireworks.

Presently their conductors stopped and, giving Walter a quarter, told him to go into a store on the corner and buy firecrackers and torpedoes. They would wait for him.

When the boy came out of the store horse, buggy, the two men and Charley had vanished. Walter was bewildered and presently began to cry. Bystanders gathered around him and presently there apppeared a man by the name of Peacock, a Germantown neighbor of the Ross family. Consoled by sight of a friend, and under no misapprehensions about his brother, Walter put his hand into Mr. Peacock's, and they started for home.

In the meantime, their father had returned to their home. When his boys failed to appear for supper he started to seek them. A neighbor said she thought she had seen them in a wagon with two men. The father then started for the nearest police station. On the way he met Walter and Mr. Peacock. Walter's story alarmed him greatly. He hastened to police headquarters in Philadelphia and told his story. The officer in charge tried to reassure him, saying it was probably some drunken frolic and that the men and boy would appear later in the evening.

Mr. Ross went to the Kensington neighborhood where Walter had been abandoned and made further inquiries. The next day Mr. Ross inserted a cautiously veiled advertisement in a local paper, describing the boy and saying a reward would be paid for his return to an officer at the Central police station. He put it this way and gave no name, wishing to avoid alarming Mrs. Ross, who would be likely to see the newspaper at Atlantic City.

The notice eliciting no response, Mr. Ross inserted a new advertisement on July 4, offering a reward of $300 for the return of the boy. The mail on that day brought him the following letter:

> Mr. Ross: be not uneasy yu son Cherley Bruster be all writ we's got him and no powers on earth can deliver out of our hand. You will have to pay us before you git him from us, and pay us a big cent to. If yu put the cops hunting for him yu is only defeating yu own end. we's got him put so no living power gets him from us alive. If any aproch is maid to his hidin place tha is the signil for his instant annihilation. If you regard his life put no one to search for him yu money can fetch him out alive and no other existin powers. don't deceive yuself and think the detectives can git him from us for that is imposebel. you here from us in a few days.

Not only was the handwriting obviously disguised, but it was apparent that the letter was composed by a person of some education, trying to appear illiterate. The use and correct spelling of such words as "annihilation," "earthly," "instant," "detectives," the unconscious slip where "gets" is used once and "git" at other times, and the confusion between "yu" and "you," were sufficient evidence of that.

Two days later another letter was received demanding a ransom of $20,000. The father was advised by his friends that this could only be a bluff; that the men certainly would never keep their threat to destroy the boy; that he should appear to comply with their demands by printing a personal advertisement in the terms they had prescribed, namely, "Ross will come to terms."

It was not good advice. The kidnappers were shrewd enough to suspect that a trap was being laid for them, for they sent the father a sharp reminder that he was gambling with the life of his son at the instance of persons who were chiefly interested in the capture of the abductors. It was the eternal argument of all kidnappers shrewdly put.

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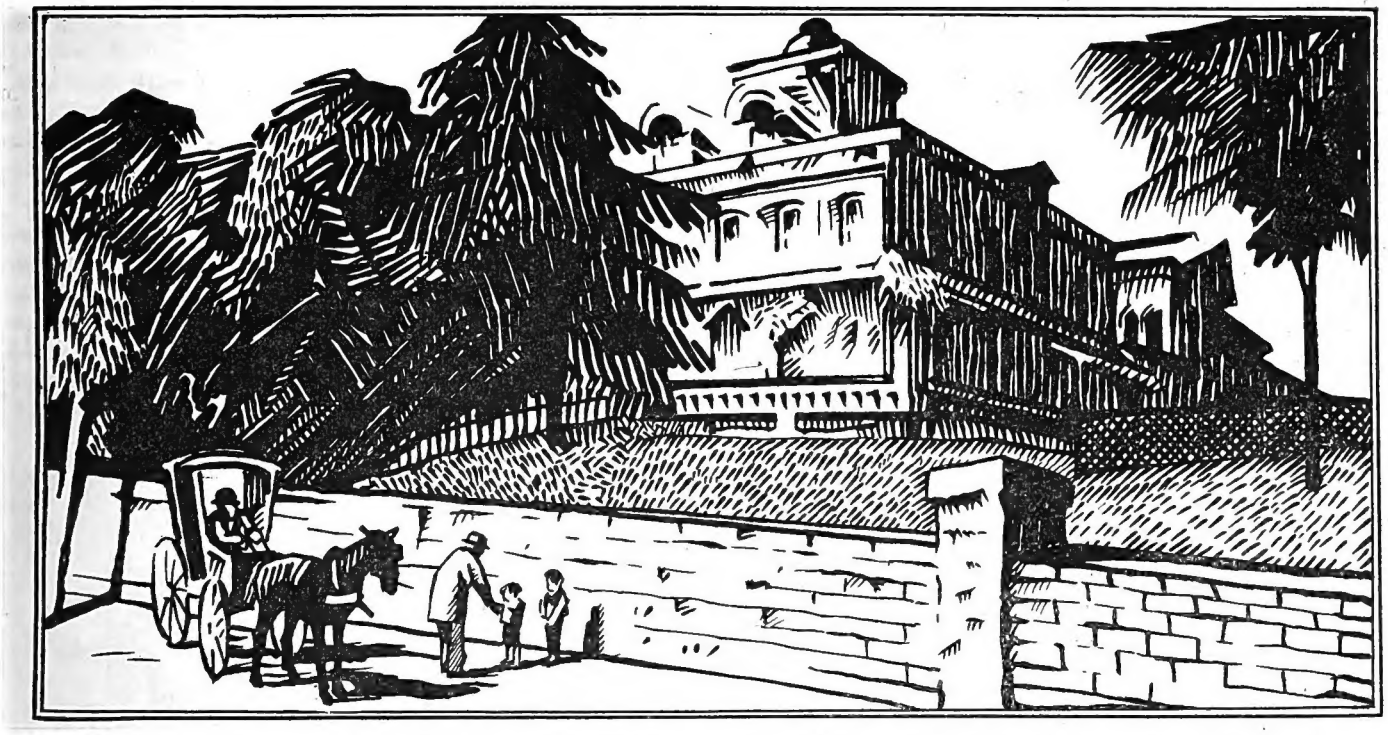
This had followed a series of communications by mail and advertisement in which Mr. Ross had demanded a simultaneous exchange of his son for the ransom. At last he was directed to get upon a train with a white satchel containing the money, which he was to throw from a rear platform whenever he should see a man with a torch in one hand and a white flag in the other, if it should be dark, or with a white flag in one hand and a bell in the other, if it should be light.

He prepared the bag as directed, but put a letter in it demanding a simultaneous exchange. He followed the



Where Charley Ross was stolen (from an old cut of the time showing the kidnapping)—the Ross House, Germantown

route directed, all the way from Philadelphia to Albany, but never saw the man with the signal. Almost identically the same plan was recently sought to be employed in the Franks case in Chicago.

Later the kidnappers wrote Mr. Ross that they had kept the appointment, because they had heard Mr. Ross was elsewhere on the day directed. They then transferred their operations from Philadelphia to New York, as was shown by the postmarks on their letters, more than a dozen of which were received by the father from first to last.

THE case by this time had attracted nation-wide interest, and from many cities word poured into Philadelphia that the boy had been found or that the abductors were known. It was from New York, however, that the first real clew came. Detective Wright, while talking to one Gil Mosher, spoke of the strange features of the case.

Mosher replied, "That's funny, my brother and a pal named Douglas had a plan cooked up to take one of the Vanderbilt kids the same way, but we decided it was too risky."

Wright pondered over this and reported it to his superior, Captain William Heddon, an astute, clever man, who decided the clew might be worth investigating. He took the matter up with Chief of Police Walling, cinct, Brooklyn. The chief immediately get in touch with Chief Kelly of Philadelphia and asked him to come at once to New York and bring all letters and any information he might have. Chief Kelly, Mr. Ross and two detectives came to Chief Walling's home, where they were met by Walling and Captain Heddon.

In the meanwhile investigation had shown that William Mosher and Joseph Douglas were traveling through small towns selling a preparation to kill moths, and that they used a horse and wagon to get from town to town. Gil Mosher described the wagon they used, and the father of the present Captain Walling of the 104th Prescription fitted the wagon that had been used by the kidnappers. Acting on information furnished by Mosher the Philadelphia police later found the wagon used.

Captain Heddon described to Mr. Ross the handwriting of William Mosher and it was found that the kidnappers' letters were of the same character. As further proof, a copy of a receipt signed by Mosher for a boat was brought in. It was obvious then that Mosher had written the letters demanding ransom.

Chief Walling immediately threw the entire New York force into the search for Mosher and Douglas.

About this time it was found that Mosher's wife was the sister of an ex-policeman named Westervelt, who offered to aid the police in their search. Chief Walling received daily visits from Westervelt, whose only interest as it later developed was to find out exactly how close the police were to the fleeing men.

Once they were thought to be trapped in a saloon at Houston and West streets, but escaped the police by seconds. They had been warned by Westervelt, but this was not discovered until months later. When the man's duplicity was discovered, Chief Walling personally arrested the former cop and prosecuted him, with the result that Westervelt was sent to jail for seven years.

The two fugitives were finally located at Cos Cob, Conn., but when cornered, got away by stealing a sloop

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and sailing to sea. Later trace of them was found in Newark Bay, where they went ashore to get medical aid for a sick child, supposed to have been Charley Ross. Knowledge that they were in the vicinity of New York caused the police to hire many vessels in an attempt to run them down, but every time they eluded the officers. By this time the men were going ashore only for food, and it was this that finally led to their downfall.

Meantime the abductors kept up a running exchange of letters with the distracted father, postmarked from half a dozen cities. They wrote him that the boy was suffering from a malady common to children, that he was ailing from confinement, and they even threatened to take him to Canada.

AFTER a time, Mr. Ross ceased to insist that the boy be turned over to him at the moment he delivered the ransom. Keeping an appointment, an emissary came to a New York hotel with the money, but the rogues, either believing it another trap or else too closely pressed by the police, failed to put in an appearance.

Then fate intervened to bring about the final act of the drama. Some time after the failure of this mission, I. Holmes Van Brunt was awakened on a December morning by a burglar alarm, which had been connected to his house in Bay Ridge from the adjoining residence of his brother, Judge J. J. Van Brunt, the Judge having moved into town for the winter.

Mr. Van Brunt, his son, his nephew and a coachman armed themselves and surrounded the other house, making sure that burglars were in the basement. After a long wait, the beseigers determined to enter and investigate. They were heard by the thives, however, who tried to rush the party, shooting with revolvers as they came.

Mr. Van Brunt shot one of them down with a shotgun. The other got by him, but he pursued him and, although shot at twice, finally knocked the man down with his weapon. The younger Van Brunt shot the robber dead as he attempted to arise.

The first man had been mortally wounded, but he consented to talk. He told them that he was Joseph Douglas and that his partner was William Mosher, and added, "Mosher and I stole Charley Ross from Germantown. Send for Superintendent Walling of New York; he knows us and has been after us." Brooklyn, of course, was a separate municipality at that time.

"Mosher knows; ask him," he responded when asked the whereabouts of the boy.

"Mosher is dead," he was told.

"God help his poor family; he has a wife and five children," the wounded man groaned. He insisted that only Mosher knew where the boy was, and soon expired.

Walter Ross was brought to view the bodies and positively identified the dead men as Charley's abductors. Shortly afterwards Mrs. Mosher was located. All she could say was that Charley was in the custody of an old man and an old woman, but who they were or where they were to be found she did not know.

Year after year the Ross family kept up the search for the missing boy. They made long journeys running down useless clews. Enormous sums of money were spent in vain. The father kept hunting as long as he lived, which was for twenty-three years after the kidnapping, and the mother continued it until she died, about twelve years ago.

Innumerable cases of lost identity were uncovered in the quest, and many instances of imposture. But not a single ray of light has ever penetrated to the depths of the mystery.

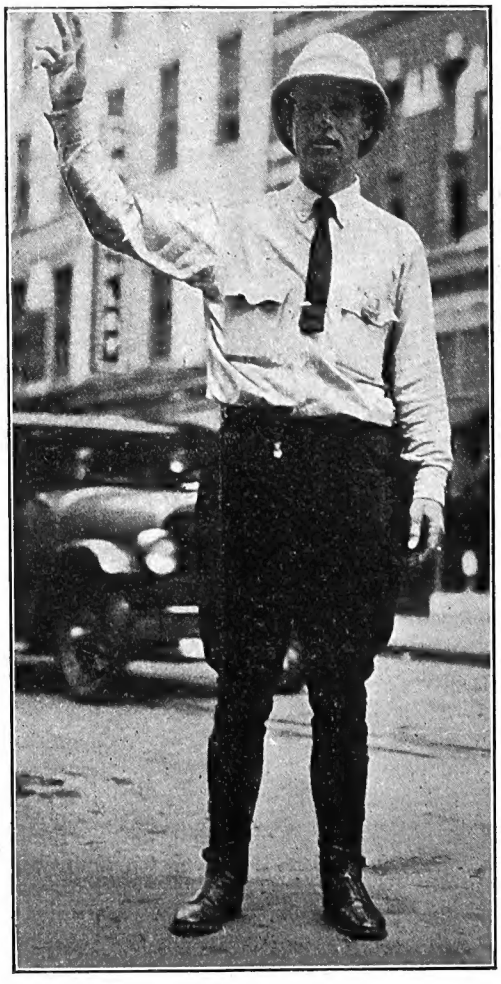
Mrs. Mosher was offered the entire reward, $20,000, if she would tell where the child was hidden, but it seems that Mosher told no one, not even Douglas, who claimed that, after being separated from Mosher one day, he returned to find the child gone.

Richard King, reputed to have been the best detective on the New York force at that time, professed the belief that Charley Ross died and that Mosher threw the body overboard in Newark Bay. He asserted that medicine found on the kidnappers' yacht, which was found anchored in front of the Van Brunt home (now the Crescent Athletic Club) were for a child's disease that would be fatal without the proper treatment.

A peculiar circumstance in connection with the case is that at the time of the visit of Mr. Ross to Chief Walling's home at 360 East Nineteenth street the youngest son of Chief Walling was positively identified as Charley Ross by Mr. Ross himself.

The striking similarity was noticed by many persons for many years thereafter. Only a few years ago an old newspaper man spoke to a captain of police in New York and said that he was positive he had seen Charley Ross on the street. This was forty-five years after the kidnapping. The captain was Captain Edward S. Walling, son of the late Chief Walling, and the man referred to was Captain Walling's brother.

A Cool Police Uniform



Norfolk, Va., goes the whole length on summer uniforms, putting its men in white shirts and in the cases of the traffic men adding white helmets. The patrolmen wear caps.

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The Romance in the Crystal Ball

By Isabelle Goodwin Seaholm
First Grade Detective, New York

Reasons!

DO you know the real reason why the police arrest and send to jail that vast tribe of astrologers, mind readers, soothsayers, clairvoyants, and mediums who offer to read the future and the past, to name one's future husband or wife, and to give advice in matters of love, matrimony and money?

Do you suppose it is because the devotees of the occult take the casual half dollar from the more credulous among us?

If so you are mistaken. There's a big and important reason!

The real cause for the determined campaign that the police of most cities wage against all the tribe of soothsayers—a campaign that in New York has practically rid the city of these gentry—is one that is vital to society's security.

The secret of it is revealed in this throbbing chronicle of Omna, King of the Fortune Tellers. Mrs. Seaholm's further experiences with Omna will be told in another number of Police Magazine.

OMNA the All-Seeing spoke:

"Madam, I can see that you are very lonely. I see as I gaze into this crystal ball a loved husband and child who have been taken from you. I see here years of great loneliness.

"Stay, I see another and more promising scene. I see you going back to your hotel and entering the elevator on your way to your room. It is a fine hotel. I see the maroon-uniformed attendants bowing to you as one of their valued patrons. I see you in the bronze and gilt elevator. I see opposite you a man of great distinction—a man wearing a peculiar yellow diamond solitary ring. He has his hand up to his face. When he looks at you he starts and acts as if he has seen you before.

"This may sound ridiculous, but madam, that is the man you are going to marry!"

OMNA ushered out his richly-attired visitor with many salaams. He was an Oriental of the Orientals he told her and had little acquaintance in this country. This accounted in the woman's mind for the elaborate ceremony with which he ushered her in to his central cabinet and waved her out.

On the recommendation of a friend, who had told her that Omna had brought her happiness, this little woman with an aching heart had traveled from a fine home in Flatbush to Times Square with full faith that she could there gain knowledge of what the future held in store for her. Her first visit to Omna's fine soothsaying parlors had been made the day before. On that occasion Omna's orientally clad attendants had told her to come back on the morrow, when the All-Seeing one would be in. What she had been told on this second visit has been set forth.

With her pulses a little tremulous with expectation she made her way to the fashionable uptown hotel where she had stopped overnight between visits to Omna. Could it be that she was about to come face to face—and knowingly—with the man who was to be the master of her life. She admitted to herself that she longed for the love and companionship of a husband. Who and of what kind would be the mysterious stranger she would see in the elevator?

A little respite to gather her courage against the expected encounter seemed necessary. She sank down, weak-kneed in the red-plush and gold grand lobby of a millionaire's hotel. When presently she had taken heart in her enterprise she rushed almost nervously to the elevator door. It was just opening and the inside was empty. Could it be that Omna, the man she believed in, was mistaken?

The elevator boy looks out to see if other travellers are bound for the upper floors. The little woman in the rich brocades feels herself atremble lest her eerie appointment go wrong.

So she sinks back against the harsh elevator gratings as if with an attack of heart failure when a man of rather distinguished appearance enters as if in a hurry. As his glance falls on her he starts, seems to blush, starts to raise his hat, drops his hand in confusion, brings it up again, and so finally removes his fine Bangkok straw. He is obviously strangely moved.

As if he were manufacturing his courage on the

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moment and forcing himself to speak to the little widow the distinguished stranger addresses her:

"Pardon me," are his precise words, "but I feel that I know you—that I have seen you somewhere. It is very remarkable. Though I cannot place you on the instant, I feel as if I had known you well.

"Would it be too much to ask you to return downstairs with me and take tea, that we might talk it over?"

All the romance that had been crowded out of the little woman's life in the last eight years—or since the death of her husband and child—seemed to her to have returned with the suddenness of a lightning storm. What could be more romantic than thus to meet one's fate under the ægis of one who held the future in the hollow of his hand.

With this thought possessing her the little widow was in a very receptive mood for the tale the newcomer told her.

In the big palm-decorated dining room they ordered a simple meal. But Mrs. Kenton's mind was not on food. It was filled with romance and a rosy glamour surrounded her vis-a-vis.

He was an ex-officer of Marines, he told her. A graduate from the Naval Academy, he was now employing his talents as a restaurateur. His place, which he said was a highly prosperous one, was on an upper Broadway corner. He expressed distaste for the hotel's service and for some of the food that was served them that afternoon. It was not what he would have put before his customers, he said.

A particular man he said he was. Taking his cue from a man about whom one William Shakespeare has written, he casually confided in Mrs. Kenton that he had been discharged from the Marines for wounds received in that famous march to Peking in the Boxer Rebellion in China when the fighting men of many nations had combined to take over the "Forbidden City."

The tales he told, then and subsequently, of treasures captured in the royal palaces, of hand-to-hand fights with Boxers, and of a shipwreck on the last voyage home, as a wounded officer—these would have ensnared the heart of a more suspicious woman than Mrs. Kenton could possibly have been on that day of happiness.

Sympathy, too, she showed. Sympathy for the loss of her husband and child, of which she told him; sympathy for her lonely state, with only the half-hearted companionship of a sister whose mind and attention were fully occupied by husband and children.

Adelaide Kenton's lonely soul had been crying out in vain for sympathy. It had been this craving that had led her to disregard the tenets of her religion and seek the paid-for consolation she heard Omna could offer.

Sympathy being what she hungered for, the well-to-do restaurateur who said she could see his name, Francis Butler, in black and gold over his Broadway place, fed her bounteously. Before his sympathetic fires had all died down two hours had passed. Here was a man who understood her, thought Mrs. Kenton. How wise Omna must be!

"Pardon Me, But I Feel That I Know You," He Said

Then on the morrow, after obtaining permission to call at her Flatbush home, Butler again lavished sympathy on her. He easily became a frequent caller. So frequent that Mrs. Kenton's nieces and nephews were soon calling him "Uncle Frank."

To the flattered and delighted object of his attentions and to her sister he often spoke of his lone condition, with neither kith nor kin to cheer him. He felt, he said, the need of a home and fireside after his years of adventure on the Seven Seas.

The acquaintance between the well-to-do restaurateur and the wealthy widow whose husband had left her a fortune of $250,000, ripened at a rapid pace. The words of Omna, the All-Seeing, in whom Mrs. Kenton believed, she said, as she would in God, were coming true seemingly.

The little widow was so happy in the rapidly advancing acquaintance that she thought nothing of paying the dinner bills when the two dined at one of the finest of the Broadway hotels. She was accustomed to give the headwaiter a tip of $10 on these occasions and to order a hired limousine wherewith to travel from Flatbush. Her generosity is still remembered by that headwaiter as he gazed out on Times Square and wishes more of his patrons were like her.

ON one of these little excursions to the delightful haven of the New York hotel Butler introduced Mrs. Kenton to Mr. and Mrs. Edward Richards. The Richardses, curiously enough, were mediums, and it was not long before Mr. Richards was seeking to give Mrs. Kenton seances in which he promised she would receive

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advice from that world that oversees all our deeds.

It was with difficulty that he alienated her from her loyalty to Omna, that All-Seeing One, who had predicted so exactly the great happiness that had come into her life.

Still Richards did manage to obtain Mrs. Kenton's trust and on at least one occasion he read her future with a clarity and exactitude that should have made any woman happy.

"Mrs. Kenton," said he, "I see you all in gray. I see you in a church. You are walking up the aisle. There is someone waiting for you. The priest is there. It is your day of happiness. You are marrying a tall man of distinguished appearance, a man of good living. A man who has dared things and looked death in the eye in many lands."

Had Richards not been in a trance Mrs. Kenton would have thought that he was particularly describing his friend Butler.

This reading of the future seemed to her an omen. Once more she trembled with expectancy as the prosperous Broadwayite and ex-Marine called that evening.

There is no need to tell of the tender things that were said. When Butler left the two were engaged. The prediction of Omna and the trance fore-vision of Richards seemed happily on their way to fulfillment.

The Enamored Woman Threw Herself on His Breast

BUTLER, it seemed, was in haste to have that home and fireside of his own that he so long had hungered for. His fiancee listened with rapt attention as he told her of those star-illuminated nights on the road to Peking when he had lain within sound of the Boxers guns dreaming; not of those dreadful haters of the foreigners, but rather of that sweet woman at home who some day was to be his companion in a place that he could call his own. Only a man with a poet's soul could so have dreamt in such a place, she thought.

"There is no one so lonesome as a Marine," he told her, "sent hither and yon on every kind of an errand and with not even the post that a soldier of the army has to call home."

Their marriage could not be too quick to suit him, so two Sundays after their engagement the banns were called out for them in the Flatbush church of which she was a member.

By this time the man's eagerness to be wed had communicated itself to Mrs. Kenton. She busily engaged herself in preparing for the church ceremony she planned. Her previous marriage, although it had been to a man worth hundreds of thousands of dollars, had been a simple home affair when she was a young girl. Here was her opportunity as a woman of 33 to have the elaborate ceremony the lack of which had been the one regret in her former union.

Her first move was to provide a new home for herself and her beloved hero. Leaving to her sister the house in which they had jointly lived, Mrs. Kenton drove through the then unpaved streets of lower Flatbush—for this was in 1913—until she found a handsome home which she purchased at a cost of $10,000. The same house is standing today in Flatbush with a present value of close to $25,000. It was a splendid establishment, elaborate in its fine fittings, but small in its number of rooms.

With an elaborate church wedding arranged for, Mrs. Kenton gave the rest of her time to shopping for a trousseau. I had the pleasure of seeing the beautiful things that she gathered. Fine silks from Shanghai, beautiful soft linens from the Island of Luzon, wonderful needlework done by women of Ghent and Bruges, dainty Parisian things. There was a great profusion of such intimate things and many fine dresses. Never can I recall seeing a finer trousseau except in one or two homes of millions.

THE invitations followed the banns and on a Saturday morning in Ocean Avenue, Flatbush, there gathered Mrs. Kenton, her sister and her brother-in-law, her mother and several aunts and uncles, some 200 guests who had been invited by Mrs. Kenton—but not one of the guests that Butler had invited.

The nuptial mass was set for eleven o'clock, and Butler was expected to arrive fifteen minutes beforehand. The time for his appearance passed, the time for the ceremony to begin approached, and still there was no sign of him.

When 11.15 had come Mrs. Kenton sent her brother-in-law to a telphone to call Butler's restaurant and ascertain whether he was held there. The brother-in-law came back hot-foot with the word that he could not find such a restaurant in the telephone book. Mrs. Kenton, now alarmed, had him call the police both in Brooklyn and Manhattan to ascertain if Francis Butler had possibly been in any automobile accident or other mishappening.

Guests were becoming impatient, guests were becoming curious, guests were leaving. A distraught bride peered out on the uneasy assemblage and waited in nervous unhappiness for the return of the brother-in-law. He brought back positive assurance from Police Headquarters in both Manhattan and Brooklyn that no accident to vehicles of any kind had been reported in the last three hours.

Mrs. Kenton sank down well-nigh exhausted. It was

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only after another twenty minutes had passed and the clock showed a quarter of twelve, that she recovered sufficiently to give the word to dismiss the guests. No word from Butler came.

EVEN with this dismal and disgracing disappointment, Mrs. Kenton clung with a woman's faith to the belief that her bridegroom had been prevented from appearing by some accident. It was only when her brother-in-law reported after a trip to Harlem that no Francis Butler restaurant existd on the corner described by him, but that he had found there the closed remnants of a former saloon of some grandeur where he was told a Frank Butler, a man of similar description, had been a bartender. This Frank Butler, he was told, was married and had four children. He had been a Marine—a private in the ranks.

Several days passed before Mrs. Kenton recovered from the shock of this disclosure. It was on the day of her first tremulous trip down stairs in her fine new home that I came into the case in answer to her call to headquarters for a detective.

In some way Headquarters had learned that a fortune-teller had predicted the romance. It was for that reason that I was assigned to the case. The rooting out of fake fortune-tellers had been one of the principal activities of my detective days.

Before Mrs. Kenton had gone far in her story or had even mentioned the name of the fortune teller who had so brightly painted the future for her, I had made a guess at the name.

"That must have been Omna," said I.

"How could you know that? I haven't told you the name," cried the little widow.

"Oh, that is one of his best tricks," I answered, "arranging romantic meetings with husbands and wives-to-be. You must have been to see him before that."

"Why, yes, the day before," she said.

"He didn't see you?"

"No, he didn't."

"I know he didn't. What happened was this. Some of his people followed you to your hotel and found out who you were and that you had money. Then he arranged the meeting with Butler, and of course the prediction followed a careful rehearsal with Butler. I am glad of this charge—now we can land Omna for a long sentence."

"There is no hurry about getting Omna. It is Butler I want and my $80,000."

"What $80,000?"

"Why, the $80,000 I gave him last week to buy the machinery with for his new bakery." This charge made me pause. Here was a valid criminal charge against the man if we could only overtake him, of which I had my doubts. I imagined that he was by this time far at sea or else well on his way across the continent.

I knew without thinking about it that it would not be worth while to look up the bakery machinery manufacturers with a view to finding where he had placed the order for this great amount of dough mixers and ovens. I was satisfied he had never purchased a cent's worth—and that proved to be exactly the case.

I quickly obtained Mrs. Kenton's complaint against him and set myself and the machinery of the department to work to bring in the man.

We could find no trace of him in any of the haunts that he had said he affected. A visit to Omna's luxurious establishment revealed only a large sign which read: "Closed for the summer; address Bethlehem, N. H."

Telegrams were dispatched to this White Mountain town, but we could find no clue to him or Butler there.

And for a very good reason. Butler, as it afterward proved, was in the extreme southern end of Brooklyn near Fort Hamilton quietly living in a lodging he had long affected—although he had always told Mrs. Kenton that he lived on Washington Heights, a couple of miles north of his restaurant.

I was at my wits' end to uncover the rascal when in a chance conversation with Mrs. Kenton one day I learned that he had an exceptionally large neck—a bit of description we had not previously had.

"Oh, yes," said Mrs. Kenton, "he wore a 16½ or 17 collar. I noticed it because my husband was a thin man and wore a 15."

"Are you sure about this?" I asked, "because men with 17 necks are enough out of the ordinary so that we can sometimes trace them by that very peculiarity."

"Certainly," said she, "I have one of his collars here. He left it once when he wanted to change to go with me one evening, and we sent out and bought him a collar at a store on Flatbush Avenue." And she brought out a veritable 17 collar of a standard make.

But now that I saw the linen it was not the size of the collar that interested me, but a series of cabalistic marks on the lower edge inside. They began with B and a figure 2 and then followed what looked like a series of Greek letters. At first I thought it was a badly printed name, Butler, but closer examination showed me that it could not in any possibility represent that name.

I therefore hurried to Headquarters with the collar and a new search for Butler was begun. By visiting laundry after laundry men of the department at last found a little home laundry establishment near Fort Hamilton that recognized the mark. They did not know where the customer lived, but they knew he always came in on Saturday nights with a bundle. It was then Wednesday, so I and another woman detective took posts behind the counter of the laundry as clerks in the hope of netting the elusive Mr. Butler.

And on Saturday night, true to schedule, he appeared.

THE drama now moved rapidly to a denouement that I could never have foretold, even though I had been a good soothsayer.

When Butler was arraigned in the Snyder Avenue Court, Brooklyn, I felt that the previous descriptions of him as a man of distinguished appearance had far overshot the mark. He looked to me what he had been, a bartender in a rather tough saloon. Only the rosy spectacles that Omna, the All-Seeing, had put over the eyes of Mrs. Kenton could ever have made her see the man in any such glamorous light.

He was brought in a prisoner and was known to be a married man who was separated from his wife and several children. Yet that enamored woman threw herself on his breast there in the public courtroom and forgave him. Forgave him not only his deceit, but the $80,000 on which our charge was based.

She asked him to go riding with her and as they walked out the door to her car, our fine case of grand larceny made the exit with them. We never recaptured Butler, and Mrs. Kenton died four months afterward. Of a broken heart I have always believed.

Then I started out to trace Omna.

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By Jean Laroche

"ELODIE has been killed!"

Thus a sister's cry rang out the story of an assassination to the people of the white-walled, thatched-roof cottages of Bixschote—a little Belgian town that had but recently found peace after the horrors of war.

In the meandering streets of the little place no figure had been more frequently seen in the after-war years than that of Mademoiselle Elodie Deslys. Though well-to-do and living with her parents in the finest house in the village, she spent little of her time there. It seemed as if she were always abroad, busy in works of charity and helpfulness. Whether the sun shone or the rain fell, or snow covered the ground, she was daily to be seen moving from cottage door to cottage door on her errands of mercy. Not even Father Guillaume of the parish church was a more frequent visitor in the homes of the lace and embroidery workers and farmers who made up the population of the little place.

Mademoiselle Elodie possessed the two beauties that best grace a woman. The beauty of her soul was revealed in the errands of kindness with which she busied herself. Her beauty of face and form was a matter of remark throughout all the countryside. Her name was scarcely mentioned except with the precedent adjective "la belle." It was not alone creature comfort that she took to the poor and the ill. She carried also into their homes the warming cheer of her friendly smile—the delight of a beauteous and inspiring presence.

In all the district about Bixschote there was no more popular man or woman, save alone the Father Guillaume, than Mademoiselle Elodie. No wonder then that a cry of mixed rage and despair rose on that August evening when a sister of Mademoiselle Elodie, the elder of the Mademoiselles Deslys, ran into the outskirts of the village with the cry that Elodie had been killed.

It was twilight and the workers from the fields and the workers of the needle were for the most part seated or standing in front of their modest cottages enjoying the evening peace. The first to reach Mademoiselle Yvonne, the sister, learned that Elodie had been shot down as she was strolling along a brookside path just outside the village. The sister told excitedly how, while sitting in her garden, she had heard first a cry and then a shot. She had run into the woodland that fringed the brook and in the semi-dusk under the trees she had found her sister's body lying head downward on the sloping bank of the brook, as if she had been thrown there by her assailant.

Little else that was coherent was obtained from the sister by the eager crowd that rushed to the brookside path, but the local gendarme, who followed close on the heels of the mob, gathered one significant fact. Mademoiselle Yvonne told him that she had caught a glimpse of a man running away in the dark.

The gendarme was a young man, not long in the uniform, and therefore not highly experienced. In substitution for experience, however, he had training—a thing of almost as great value. This drilling he had been through enabled him to do four things well:

First, it enabled him to sense at once that the case was one of mystery.

Secondly, his teaching—or else some feeling of trepidation or modesty—drove him to the decision that the solution of the case was apt to be beyond his powers.

Thirdly, for the detective ability he lacked, the young man substituted the things he had been taught in training school. It had been drilled into him time and again that the greatest thing he could do in cases that he could not quickly solve was to preserve all the evidence intact for men of greater talents—or training—than he possessed.

He therefore did the one thing that was vital. He established himself as a guard over the body and then slowly shooed away the eager townsfolk until he had established a clear zone of many metres about the place where the Beauty of Bixschote had met her death.

Only the sister, Yvonne, was permitted to return to the body before an investigator should arrive from Brussels. By using one of the villagers as messenger the gendarme had been able to send a call for aid.

LIKE many other Continental countries, Belgium maintains in its capital an elaborate Laboratory of

The Story of the Dents

ONE of the classic cases of scientific deduction from slight clews is that of the Beauty of Bixschote, the story of Monsieur E. Goddefroy, criminologist, of Brussels.

Sharpen your wits by figuring out the nature of the evidence that the dents in the earth gave to M. Goddefroy. Then read how that great criminologist put two and two together in this Cause Celebre.

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Criminal Investigation, where the most minute scientific and practical tests are employed in the connecting of slight bits of evidence with the criminals that the police seek. The heads of the laboratory in Brussels are men of the highest special training, and they have a remarkable record for the solution of apparently unsolvable mysteries.

On this occasion there sped to Bixschote Monsieur E. Goddefroy, a graduate of the School of Police Technique in Paris, and former Commissioner of Police of Ostend. Long since, the fame of the pretty Mademoiselle Elodie had spread to Brussels. Therefore when M. Goddefroy left the capital he was resolved to use every scientific talent he possessed in the effort to avenge her death.

He reached Bixschote about midnight and there met the overwhelming obstacle of darkness. Except for a talk with a gendarme and with Mademoiselle Yvonne, he could do nothing pending the coming of the sun.

For men engaged in the delicate enterprises of criminal detection to which he devoted his life the full flood of daylight was necessary. The criminal craves the cloak of darkness, but his pursuer is a man of the sun. A thousand clews that would vanish in dusk or dark either shine out brightly in the sun's rays or yield to painstaking research in the light of day.

M. Goddefroy therefore went to bed in the town's spic-and-span inn, leaving orders that he was to be called before sunrise.

HIGHLY responsive to M. Goddefroy's praise for his excellent work in seeking to preserve all clews possible for the experts, the young gendarme agreed to hold his scarcely pleasant guard throughout the night and to see that nothing was touched in the vicinity of the body. So the sun was just throwing its first yellow rays over the landscape when M. Goddefroy reached the place of the crime.

He was not ahead of the villagers of Bixschote, however, for already twenty or thirty peasants were gathered in the little woodland by the brookside. There they were holding many small impromptu indignation meetings.

The names that they called the slayer of their lovely Mademoiselle Elodie! The threats that they made against him! Their feeling could not but color the thoughts of M. Goddefroy as he approached the task of solving the motiveless murder. Motiveless it seemed because the villagers were unanimous in declaring that Mademoiselle Elodie could not possibly have had an enemy in the world.

All goodness she had been and, search her life as they might, none in the village had been able to even suggest the name of a person who might have borne her a grudge. More than that, there was scarcely a soul in the village—certainly no one among the hard working folk—who did not owe her a heavy debt of gratitude. That she should have been slain by anyone from Bixschote was inconceivable, the villagers said.

And who could imagine that a stranger would happen along and commit such a crime. Neither of the possibilities in the case seemed tenable.

There was a great clattering of tongues and of wooden shoes as more men and women came into the little woodland before going to their fields and to their cattle in their milking barns, but out of all the clatter there came no clew. Not so much as a suggestion as to who might have killed the Beauty of Bixschote!

Nor were conditions near the body any more encouraging to this technician of the police. The shot that had killed Mademoiselle Elodie had been fired from a distance of several feet, for there were no burns or marks of powder near the clean-cut hole in her basque, through which the assassin's bullet had passed.

It seemed quite obvious that the young woman had been walking on the path along the high bank of the brook and that in response to a call or in answer to some noise in the wood she had turned sideways and had faced away from the water. Apparently the assassin had then fired direct, killing her instantly. Her body was found lying face upward, with her feet still on the path, and her head on the down-slanting bank.

Although he considered it a useless task, M. Goddefroy examined the immediate neighborhood of the body with great carefulness, going over even single blades of grass in the hope of finding footprints, cartridge shells, or some other indication of where the murderer had stood. The path of course was beaten hard and had been retrod by many persons before the gendarme had arrived. Not even the footprints of the young woman were visible on it. Painstaking as he was, however, M. Goddefroy uncovered nothing in the way of a clew except an indication of some trampling in the bushes at a distance of about ten feet from the path. He seemed to have drawn a blank in that lottery in which the detective is always taking chances.

FINDING himself at a loss for primary clews the Brussels scientist decided to carefully interrogate the one person who had any direct knowledge of the crime, so far as the gendarme had been able to learn. This was the sister Yvonne, who had seen a man running away from the scene of the crime.

The police expert pressed Mme. Yvonne for a description of the murderer.

"But how can I give it?" was her answer. "I got no nearer to him than from here to that tree," and she indicated a sapling some fifteen feet away from her. "It was dark, Monsieur, and I know only that he was a tall man."

"You got within fifteen feet of him and still cannot tell me what he looked like; how he was dressed; the kind of clothing he had on?"

"No, Monsieur, he was just like everything else under the trees—all dark."

"Then at least he wore no white?"

"No, Monsieur, I think not. I saw no white."

"Was he bearded or clean-shaven?"

"That I cannot tell, Monsieur. If he had only stayed down long enough I would have had a good look at him even if I had not caught him."

The technician, carrying on what was to him a routine inquiry, had been lackadasical in his queries up to this moment. But at the sister's words his interest flared up.

"If he had only stayed down? What is it that you mean, Mademoiselle?"

"Just what I say. If he had only stayed down when he stumbled in another second I would have been on him."

"He stumbled? Where?"

"There yonder in the little clearing where he ran away through the woods."

"Now, Mademoiselle, show me exactly where he ran and where you ran, and where he fell."

Guided by the young woman M. Goddefroy made his way to a little sylvan glade where the shade of the trees

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had been so thick as to kill off the grass and was still so heavy in this month of August that the earth remained moist.

THE glade to which Mademoiselle Yvonne took him had by good fortune been untouched by the feet of the dozens of curious people who had milled around the neighborhood outside of a circle that the cautious gendarme had established around the body. This was sheer luck and of the greatest importance—as was proved in the course of the morning.

"There!" said Yvonne, pointing to the far side of the glade, "is where he fell and where he got up and ran through the wood just as I got to this little clearing. He darted into the underbrush on the moment of my arrival, being so close to the place where he fell that he had not risen to his full height when he disappeared in the bushes."

"You will please remain exactly where you are!" said M. Goddefroy. "Nothing here must be disturbed!"

With that injunction the scientist circled around through the underbrush until he was at the point where Mademoiselle Yvonne said that the man had disappeared, there he began a minute search of the ground.

Anyone who has ever seen a setter or a pointer quarter a piece of ground by ranging back and forth across it in arcs—each curve spreading beyond the preceding one, like ripples on a pool—will recognize at once the method that now was used by the investigator. Beginning with a small arc at the point where he supposed the man had leaped into the underbrush the police technician gradually enlarged the area covered. Moving on hands and knees he examined practically every square inch of territory. He had not gone far, being only about two feet from the edge of the brush, when suddenly he sprang up erect.

"Voila," was his illuminating cry.

Hurriedly he brought out his magnifying glass; hurriedly he bent over afresh and examined the earth immediately in front of him, finally centering his attention on a slight depression in the ground which looked as if it might have been made by the up-pulling of a stone or large pebble. It was slightly irregular in shape; there were three marked ridges in the depression and, when examined with the magnifying glass, it showed peculiar lozenge-shaped markings on a part of the earth and an odd indentation as of a screwhead at another point. The criminologist promptly took from a kit bag he had brought along a piece of glass and placed it over the depression.

The anguished sister saw a man stumble in the darkness

Soon another piece of glass covered another depression a few feet away. This had not the major markings of the other, but seemed to bear a pattern as of cloth.

A few of the villagers who later visited the scene wondered why the great man from Brussels should cover little pits in the earth with glass. What could it be that he saw in them. What, indeed?

The technician paid no heed to these wonderers. With Mademoiselle Yvonne he followed the line of the assassin's flight through some brush and past a farm. On a straw pile at the side of a path he caught a glint of metal and investigated.

"See, mademoiselle, the pistol!" was his triumphal cry.

As he studied a peculiar weapon he had retrieved Mademoiselle Yvonne kept her gaze on a fine house straight ahead on the village edge.

The scientist noticed her absorption in the rather distant house.

"Tell me, mademoiselle, toward whose house would a man be going who ran this way."

The young woman started. What kind of man could this be who surprised her very thoughts as they formed.

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European Chiefs Favor Clearing House

In Vienna Police Congress They Plan for Great International Bureau to Aid Work in All Countries

By Deputy Chief Inspector SAMUEL G. BELTON
Delegate to the International Police Congress, Vienna

THE International Police Congress at Vienna, which followed four months after the International Conference in New York, may be regarded as one of the important events in the history of the world's efforts to preserve law and order and decrease crime. The European police gathered there gave an impetus to the movement for an International Police Clearing House that seems likely to result in its establishment within a reasonable length of time.

The distinguished group of police officials and criminologists at the Congress took cognizance first of the steady change in the character of the police task. First, long ago, this task was purely local. Then in virtually every country in the world except the United States, it became and was recognized as national, largely because of the increased facilities for travel. Now, so the Vienna delegates agreed, the problem which at first was local and then national has become international.

The late war has added entirely new influence toward international lawlessness. The result, it was agreed, has been what some American newspapers call a "crime wave." It has not been, in fact, peculiar to America, but has developed inevitably in all parts of the world as a result of the general unsettlement. Various causes leading locally and regionally to intensification of the police problem have been felt in every European country, and the rapid transportation and increased travel of today inevitably have made such influences international.

This international spread of crime, it was said, affected the United States less than the countries of Europe, because distance and immigration restrictions protect America to some extent from European crooks, while the devious-minded of each nation abroad can readily cross Continental boundaries and so get beyond that intensive surveillance which hampers them at home. The situation between countries there is like that between the states here.

Because of these conditions I found that international organization was the overshadowing topic of the Police Congress at Vienna. It was the universal demand of the delegates that an effective plan of international co-operation should be devised. Not one of the delegates but referred emphatically to the necessity of establishing a Central International Police Bureau in each state of Europe and in the United States, all to be linked up with an International Police Clearing House wherein police information of all kinds would be gathered and co-related and whence it would be distributed to all subscribing police organizations. This is the plan fathered by Commissioner Enright, to whom Police President Schober of Vienna, in his opening speech, gave credit for creating the International Conference.

President Schober, in discussing the international increase in crime, attributed it to disturbance of psychologies by the war. The spread of crime across boundaries, he said, must be regarded as inevitable while international swindlers find themselves unhampered in their activities, as the police are hampered, by international boundary lines.

President Schober analyzed and emphasized the difficulties of the present extradition systems and urged every police representative to help toward their correction and standardization by direct appeal to his Government. He declared that without international co-operation no effective fight on criminal activities can be made in any one nation. He referred to many communications received from other police officials and from judges in various countries emphasizing the difficulties of effective prosecution and crime-prevention without a continual and extensive exchange of documents and information between the police forces of the world.

He stressed the fact that the delegates have no part in the making of laws in any of the countries, but expressed the belief that they could stimulate improvements by supplying information to legislators.

The earnestness with which the matter of a Central Bureau has been taken up in Europe is indicated by the fact that the Conference agreed to seek for the franking or free-use privileges for posts, telegraphs and telephones of the various countries. It was further agreed that an international postage-stamp should be devised and established to be used only for police business, the idea of the special stamp being that police business ever is urgent and that this distinctive stamp will be sure to give material carrying it special consideration.

The duties proposed for the International Police Bureau were much discussed. They include:

> Collection of material important to each nation's police from all subscribing foreign police organizations and its co-operative utilization. This material will include alarms sent out for fugitive criminals. Where the sought criminals are known the alarms will include photographs, finger-prints and other identifying matter, augmented by description of the "modus operandi" of the fugitive's criminal operations.
>
> Where the identity of the criminal is not known the alarms shall include the criminal's description, if it can be obtained, and, in any event, a careful study of the crime committed.
>
> Photograph, finger-print and handwriting collections, with exhibits as far as possible duplicated and distributed among all Central National Bureaus.
>
> An index of persons wanted or likely to be troublesome, accompanied by descriptions and details of their criminal methods.
>
> Lists of stolen goods and missing articles.
>
> Records of all criminal trials of importance and all sentences.
>
> Statistics along standardized lines and which will be easily intelligible and available to all police are to be compiled regularly.

Daily radio communication will be maintained with

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regard to serious criminal cases. These communications will be issued every day at a fixed hour and on a predetermined wave-length allotted by all Governments to this purpose.

From time to time an International Police Bulletin will be issued in German, French, Italian, English and other languages reporting all possible material of police interest.

This program was definitely decided upon by the European nations' representatives and the New York Police promised all possible co-operation. A general American agreement of this kind was impossible because of the lack of a national organization in America. It will have to be taken up here by Police Departments first and by Congress eventually.

The cost of maintaining the International Bureau is to be divided among the subscribing countries according to a plan agreed upon.

THE Conference enthusiastically decided that the police officials of the interested states, should be enabled to communicate directly without diplomatic intervention in seeking police action; and that extradition should be by judicial, not administrative action. Also that the interested states should agree upon a collective and standard treaty for the extradition of fugitives; that this treaty should include complete enumeration of the criminal charges on which extradition will be granted by any state; that close attention shall be given to the task of simplifying and rendering prompt and inexpensive of time and effort such extradition processes as may be decided upon, with the particular idea of avoiding the possibility of diplomatic intervention; that subscribing countries shall designate certain crimes and circumstances justifying the issuance in one country of an international arrest-warrant servable in all subscribing countries without the presentation of extradition requests.

It was agreed that a person accused of crime, and for whom warrants have been issued by one country, may be banished from another country, even though he may not be demanded by the country wherein he is accused. Such nation is to be notified of the presence of the fugitive in another country, but it is provided that, where no demand is made for the accused, he may choose the border across which he is to be deported.

It was further decided that the Police authorities of the subscribing nations should use an international code for correspondence and telegrams with regard to Police affairs and a committee was appointed for the purpose of devising such a code.

In this connection the Distant Identification System and One-finger Registration System, devised by Hakon Jorgensen, Honorary President of the International Police Conference and Sub-Director of Police at Copenhagen, Denmark, was favorably considered. This system has been minutely examined by Commissioner Enright here, and a description of it has been printed in English with an introduction by the Commissioner.

All countries were requested to use, as far as possible, French, German, English or Italian for international police purposes. "Esperanto" is to be studied with a view to such use.

The Conference agreed on the importance of having offices in every subscribing country for the handling of counterfeit money, forged checks, bogus passports and other fraudulent documents. All delegates present agreed to take this matter up with their respective governments.

A study of methods for the collection and identification of the handwriting of international swindlers was offered by Dr. Bruno Schultz, Police Director of Vienna. Dr. Anton Valitchek, another Police Director of Vienna, contributed valuable ideas with regard to the "Building of A Criminal Police Service"; Engineer Hubert Much, of the Vienna Police, spoke on the use of explosives by criminals.

INTERNATIONAL automobile regulation was taken up at length by Dr. Wagner, a police director of Vienna. This has become a matter of very great importance in

A Viennese Patrolman Such as Guarded the Congress

Europe since the war. Literally thousands of tourists are journeying hither and yon by motor-car upon the Continent and in the British Isles this summer, and their presence on the roads and at the boundaries causes all sorts of complications and worries. At the same time there is every desire to make their progress as easy as may be because of the fact that they are among the most generous distributors of money in the rural districts and among hotels, restaurants and inns.

The necessity for some uniform plan of regulations in the various countries is emphasized by the fact that the motor-car, in Europe as in America, has become the very handy and effective tool of the criminal.

Dr. Elbert Petrivkovits, of Vienna, read a valuable paper on the education of the criminal police and Dr. Julius Metzl, of the same city, discussed in an interesting manner the police fight against liquor and drugs which is becoming as important in Europe as it is in the United States.

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The Quest for the Magazine Cover Girl

Mystery and a Race Between Detectives to Find Her Mark the Disappearance of a Montclair Society Girl

(Transcribed from the Records of the Missing Persons Bureau by Edward Luce)

CLOSE upon the heels of the confession of the ex-Leavenworth prisoners, Captain Raye received a visit from Judge Varney. The apparent purpose was to casually talk over the Edeson-Schafer pursuit, but the captain knew that more than that lay behind the great lawyer's trip to Headquarters.

Presently the purpose came out: Christmas was less than a week away and it was all-essential to find Helen by Christmas Eve.

Captain Raye was no less consicous of the pressure. He listened as his visitor sought to spur him to sharper activity:

"Mrs. Edeson is hovering on the edge of a breakdown. If Christmas comes without Helen we dare not guess at the consequences; her husband is almost ill; my boy is so upset he can't study and the affair keeps coming between me and my law practice. Isn't there some word of cheer I can give them that will relieve the tension?"

"Wait until this afternoon, Judge, and I'm sure Brenner will have a line on this Syrian who visited Schafer. Brenner was an art salesman for six years and he knows the ropes."

"That's promising enough for the moment," said the Judge. "I know you have a man hunting for the chauffeur who took them out in his taxi."

"Yes, but he isn't working for that taxi owner any more and the taxi man doesn't know his address. We'll have to find him by luck or hard work—one or the other."

"Foster," the Judge told him, "is out around Mineola searching for a clew. He met two men when he was looking for Hastings who told him that an old man and a girl like Helen had been seen there."

THAT same afternoon great hopes came true in the return of Detective Francis Brenner to Headquarters from his gunning expedition in the scattered precints of the art dealers. Chortling, he marched into the outer office with the air of a man returning with game in his bag. Brenner, the victorious detective, and Brenner, the sleek-spoken art salesmen, were two quite different persons to the ear. He was vociferous in his announcement that he had "Landed him!"

So much so that Captain Raye, from his inner office, heard the shout and sent for the detective.

"Captain," was his breezy report, "this tan-colored chap you are looking for runs a store up in the Fifties just off Fifth Avenue. Name's Meeroubjian and he's one of the slickest of the Syrians in this or any other town."

"How do you know he's the right man?"

"Three or four of the dealers have told me that he has a special brand of futurist art that is signed 'Schafer.' He must have the man on salary, they say. I didn't try to go near him—he's too big a fish for me. I think maybe you could handle him, though, Captain."

"Thanks—but what's so hard about him?"

"He's very elusive; they tell me, for one thing. Never sees anyone except a pretty good customer. But the rich customers—oh, my! He does polish them off well, I'm told. Some of my old friends that I used to work with had been with him, I remember. Only I haven't dared go near them, so far. They know I'm in the department."

"Keep right on the job—get all you can about the Syrian," was the brief order after Captain Raye had jotted down Meeroubjian's address.

IN Montclair Mr. Edeson was listening to a report from Foster, phoning from Garden City. "I am going to get Miss Helen back for you after all, Mr. Edeson," the

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

ONE of the unpublished stories of the Police Department deals with the sudden disappearance of Helen Edeson, a beautiful Montclair girl who vanished suddenly in Manhattan streets after telling her mother not to be surprised at anything. Judge Varney, a great corporation lawyer, reported the case to Captain Raye of the Missing Persons Bureau at Police Headquarters, after two private detective agencies and S. Holmes Foster, famous as the Private Investigator, had failed to find her. Judge Varney's son was in love with Helen and he told of a quarrel with her.

Also it developed that Foster's keen interest in the case arose from a romantic admiration for the missing girl. He believed hypnotists had kidnapped her. A current magazine had a cover picture remarkably like Helen and Captain Raye had his men use the cover in searching for her. He found that an aged white-bearded artist had disappeared from Brooklyn the same day as the girl; then he noticed that the signature on the painting was a collie's head with the word "Shep" on the collar.

Talking to Mr. Edeson in his fine Montclair home the Captain learned that the missing artist's name, Schafer, would be translated Shepherd in English and decided that there was a connection between the two disappearances. An aeroplane hunt after a carrier pigeon, and the discovery, from two men who followed Schafer and the girl, that the pair drove out on Long Island in a taxi left Captain Raye puzzled. He believed the pair had gone north, but the clews pointed east.

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Private Investigator was saying, "I've just found a man who is very certain that he saw her and this old artist take a cab here in Garden City—so it is only a question of finding the cabby they hired to get a line on where they went. Just watch me now!"

"But couldn't it have been the professor and his daughter who were seen?'"

"No, Hastings wasn't in this town. I asked him about that, because some people at Mineola had described him and the girl, as I thought. Now I am pretty sure the couple were Schafer and Miss Helen. Incidentally, when I get hold of Schafer, he'll know it."

"No—you're wrong Mr. Foster. I am sure that there is nothing to punish him for."

"Nothing—oh, yes—of course I agree with you about that. It's only appearances that are wrong. What I'm after him for is damaging a young woman's reputation this way. It's no more than should be expected of him, though. I learn he has always had women around him—one of these chaps who can't live without their adulation. Anyway, I'll cure him of some of that."

Mr. Edeson, after telling his wife, essayed to call Captain Raye with the news, but found that his call met an incoming one in head-on collision.

"Captain Raye speaking, Mr. Edeson. I have some news for you that I want to tell you over here. One thing is that my men have found that the gold frames in Schafer's studio come from a Kansas City manufacturer. Quite a coincidence! You remember the two ex-cons are from Kansas City. They still deny though that they know Schafer personally. I've just had them up, but this Kansas City business makes me sure they were after him personally and that's why he fled.

"However, the important thing I called you up for was to ask you to go up to Fifth Avenue with me and look at some art. It's important."

Consequent upon this invitation the Captain of the Missing Persons Bureau and the father of missing Helen Edeson travelled well to the northward. To that cross-street, which, next to Fifty-seventh street, today houses the greatest amount of merchandise de luxe—as well as a certain admixture of merchandise de bunkum. On that street there opens out from an arcaded entrance an art store that even in its outward manifestations toward the slightly plebeian sidewalk seems to wear the trademark "exclusive." The cars that stop before its door are long of line, silver ornamented of top, deep-chested, monogrammed.

The windows of this store would be inviting only to such as naturally moved through this thoroughfare. One of the curved glass panes had behind it merely a drapery of gray velvet shot with gold threads—an Oriental touch in an otherwise western effect. On the drapery was an etching of a gray day in October, printed in a gray ink instead of the usual black. The other window held a light blue velvet drapery marked by the silver fleur-de-lys of some departed Louis. Resting carelessly against it was a painting—that was all one could at first be sure of.

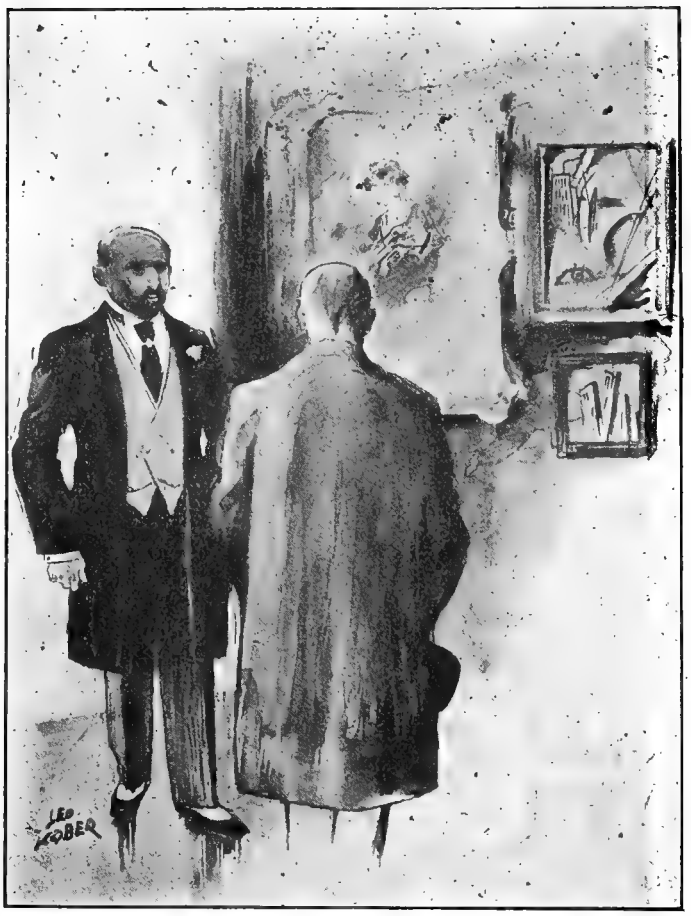
The paint strokes were visible but had they not been the picture might readily have been taken for a scatterment of highly colored cards spread out by a salesman from one of the paper warehouses of Beekman street.

The title was a puzzle. It either was highly necessary or entirely unnecessary, according to one's point of view. It read "Under Brooklyn Bridge." So these brick-red and dirt-gray rectangles that seemed to stagger fan-wise across the centre of the painting were houses. Actually New York houses. And this fling of miscellaneous cards strung out across the top—that is Brooklyn Bridge. While the little brighter-colored rectangles and corners of cards jumbled into the interstices—that is, the bright sky above New York.

"I can imagine a person painting a cubist thing like that for money," said Captain Raye to Mr. Edeson, as they came slowly up to the window, "but I can't get it through my head how a fellow can have the nerve to say that's Cherry street—or any other particular place. You can see it isn't."

"Did you notice the signature?" said Mr. Edeson, "'Schafer.' Your man Brenner has done a good job."

"Well, you go in and talk about buying some art, Mr.



At Last Meeroubjian Came Out

Edeson. I don't want to see this fellow yet. I hear he is hard to handle. If I see him it must be in my own office. Every cock crows loudest in his own yard. I'm not going into his."

So the upshot was that Mr. Edeson returned in half an hour to Captain Raye, out on the Avenue, bringing confirmation that the Syrian who dressed like King Solomon was indeed the proprietor of the French named, French appearing shop. It traded on the effect of a false gilt line on the window, "Branch of Rue de la Paix, Paris."

"I had a great deal of difficulty in getting to see him," said Mr. Edeson. "He hides in an inner office completely shut off, and leaves everything to a very smooth manager who is really French, I think. At least he seems so."

"I had to agree to buy a painting before I could interest them in my wish to have some Oriental art purchased for me. I told them I understood they had an

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expert in Oriental art there and after a while, by turning down two of the salesmen who said they were experts, I induced them to bring out Meeroubjian. He does really know Oriental art I found, and he agreed to try to find for me a couple of rare old rugs."

"But how about Schafer?"

"Schafer? Oh, yes! There was a lot of that queer work around. He seems to have specialized in doing it in metallic blues and greens. The strangest things. One of them looks like St. George and the dragon—a terrible burnished, shiny dragon in these wonderful lustrous colors of his."

"Was it one of his you bought?"

"Yes, a portrait of a young girl seated in a chair with that blue silk kimono thing on and held close as if she were undressed and someone was intruding upon her. And Captain——"

"Hey, cabbie," called the Captain to a southbound taxi, "Help me get this gentleman in." Mr. Edeson was slumping against the Captain's shoulder.

"What was it, Mr. Edeson?" asked the Captain anxiously after they were safely seated in the cab.

"Oh, Captain, while this wasn't a likeness I feel sure my Helen sat for that picture. The hands—the poise! The horror of it all! I have ordered it sent to a warehouse so that it will be hid from Mrs. Edeson."

ONCE back in his office, Captain Raye sent Pete O'Day, one of the most persuasive of his men, to see Meeroubjian. The Oriental received O'Day most affably and offered to help him in every way, but when the matter of Schafer's whereabouts was broached he shut up like a clam.

"I know nothing about that," said he. "When he has pictures he brings them in here and I buy them—that is all." In vain did O'Day point out that since two-thirds of the shop's paintings were the work of Schafer—the relations between the artist and the merchant must be more than casual.

"You can bet those two are thick as two peas in a pod, chief," commented O'Day. "In the half hour I was there they sold one of those crazy daubs. That Meeroubjian is some fox. He has built up a cult for these Schafer pictures and he's cashing in on it. Why, if he didn't know where Schafer was he'd be worried and asking *us* questions. Schafer's his bread and butter. I don't know how he gets his jam—but the bread and butter I know about. So you can be sure he can put his finger on Schafer."

"Put a man on the express depot nearest him to catch any paintings coming in. What did he say about coming down to see me? That was the most important thing."

"'Oh, that is quite impossible'—I'm telling you what he said now—'I am a very busy man and I could not by any means go down to Headquarters. Ask your Captain to come up here.'"

"Ain't that the nerve, sir?" finished O'Day.

"Well, the only hope is to get him down here and then to pry his mouth open—we'll have to wait until I can find something that will bring him down. You try him again to-morrow."

Captain Raye's belief that Meeroubjian knew—that he could instantly give the hiding place of Schafer, if not that of Miss Edeson, grew stronger with every report by O'Day that the Syrian would not come downtown. And in the next two days there were three such reports.

"He must work on my own principle," said the Captain to O'Day. "He must figure that to get a man into your office instead of you going into his, is half of the battle."

"But I know a cure for that. Christmas is almost here and I'll make a Santa Claus out of him. I'll fix up a chimney that he'll have to climb down and then I'll make him open his pack."

"What's the cure, Captain?"

"Why, the Mental Blackjack is what I call it. I remember using it four or five years ago in trailing the Millionaire Kidnapper—you remember that case?"

"Captain, you've got me puzzled. The Mental Blackjack for a Santa Claus—I don't follow you."

"Well, you are going to see the Mental Blackjack loaded right now—and then keep your eye peeled for the way I use it! You'll see this cafe-au-lait gentleman bring a package of presents down this private chimney I am fixing for him. Get Brenner down here for me, please, as soon as you can."

An hour later O'Day had Brenner with him when they went in to see the chief.

"Brennner," was the incisive demand, "your job's just beginning. I want to get something on this Meeroubjian person. What do you know about him?"

"Going to pull him in, Captain?"

"Oh, no, that would only be getting his fighting spirit up. I want something as quick acting as a blackjack. A Mental Blackjack, I just told O'Day.

"If we arrested him he would hire lawyers and lawyers spell just one word in the police business—that's delay. No, I want something that will make him hop as if he was on a hot griddle. He won't do anything for us as it stands and I want this girl by Christmas—that's the one thing I want to accomplish more than anything else. Now, can you do it?"

"Think so, Captain. He has the reputation of being the slimiest rascal in the business—and that's some reputation when you consider what some of the fakers down in the Village do."

"Maybe you can find someone he has hooked."

"There are lots of them—big fish, too. That's the difference between Meeroubjian and these two-by-four fakers down below. It's never petit larceny with him—it's always grand larceny, they say. I'll go spread a big net."

"Where are you working now?"

"Selling water-colors done by a poet up on Fifth Avenue—nice place, nice class of trade, only they don't really know much about Meeroubjian. These people are straight, you know."

"Thought so—now, who's Mr. Meeroubjian's biggest competitor?"

"Oh—Kerdeesh Brothers, probably. They make a lot of their stuff, too."

"What do you mean, make their stuff?"

"Why, manufacture historical antiques in their shop."

"I'm shocked. Such unethical behavior for men in a soul-inviting business. I thought Art was an ennobling occupation."

"Art is—with a capital A. But the art Business—with a capital B—that's something quite else again."

"Well, I want you to get a job selling goods for Meeroubjian's nearest competitor—the crookeder the better. We'll work for a crook to catch a crook. You can change jobs easily enough?"

"Long as I work on commission it isn't so hard. You see, I don't ask for salary and they take me on commission for the valuable clientele my letters say I control."

"How did you get the letters?"

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POLICE PRIZE STORY

Secret Warfare

The Story of the Trapping of a Spy Whose Infernal Machine Was to Sink Ships at Sea

By George D. Barnitz, Retired

THAT many important battles of the World War were fought secretly and quietly right here in America, long before the United States actually entered the struggle, is pretty generally known by this time. But all the intimate details of the long combat which the police of this city had to wage against plotters and spies of all sorts will probably never be known. Those were indeed anxious and trying times and they brought enormously increased burdens upon men who already had a sufficiently large job policing a great city under normal peacetime conditions.

After the first great attempt of the Germans to capture Paris had failed and the war had settled into a grim test of stamina and endurance, it was apparent to everybody that the issue depended upon the success or failure of the submarine warfare. If the Allies could get food and munitions enough to hold out until they could build up a military machine that would be superior to the German machine, they would win. If they could not, they must lose.

America was the only open market in which the Allies could get what they needed, and, for all practical purposes, New York was America's market place. By the spring of 1915 it was obvious to Allies and Germans alike that the route to victory did not lie across the Chemin de Dames or the fields of Champagne, but that it passed Sandy Hook and Long Island sound.

The attitude of our own country was entirely clear. Proclaiming neutrality, we adhered to our time-honored tradition that a neutral may sell its goods to all belligerents and that it may deliver them to a consignee, according to the established laws of warfare. We would sell to Germany, but Germany was in the grips of an actual blockade, which gave the blockading ships a right to seize contraband cargoes at sea and confiscate them without permitting them to fall into the hands of the enemy.

We would sell to the Allies, subject to the same conditions, but since the Germans had been unable to establish an actual blockade, as the term was understood in international law, our position was that they could not place the responsibility for their own naval incapacity upon our shipping.

What the Germans were unable to do by open warfare, however, they sought with every resource at their command to do by covert means. Everything that would cripple shipping or curtail the production of munitions destined for the Allied countries they regarded as their own gain. Thus there began a long and desperate struggle which was no less bitterly fought because it was entirely under cover.

It is common knowledge that the Imperial German Government was ably served by its secret emissaries to America. Men of the highest spirit and courage, reckless young officers who had won their spurs on the battlefield for the most part, conducted these dangerous enterprises. Their undertakings were well planned and often extraordinarily successful.

Disguised as Longshoremen, the Detectives Kept Close Watch on Fay

Mysterious explosions wrecked American powder factories. Railroad bridges across which supplies were moved were blown up. Industrial plants took fire seemingly without cause. Ships were burned or destroyed at sea from bombs and combustibles that had been smuggled aboard.

A VERY heavy part of the fight upon this amazing system of espionage fell upon the police department of this city. The rush and excitement of the times, the congested shipping along the 400 miles of New York water front, the city's innumerable opportunities for hiding and working in secret only made the matter more complicated and difficult.

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Chiefs Denounce Deadly Pistol

Meeting of International Association Shows Police Heads Unanimous Against Sale of Firearms

THAT police opinion in the United States and Canada is unanimous in opposition to the sale of pistols was again demonstrated at the convention of the International Association of Chiefs of Police, held in the Mount Royal Hotel, Montreal, a few days ago. Speaker after speaker called for an ending of the dangers that now arise from the free use of the revolver.

Chief Pierre Belanger of Montreal made a vigorous plea for the restriction of firearms, saying Montreal was being flooded with heavy German revolvers, the source of which had not so far been uncovered.

Canada, he said, gladly would co-operate with the United States in the restriction of the sale of pistols and he felt the time had come for them to get together. There is no manufacture of pistols in Canada, but the weapons are imported freely.

"Things have gone too far," he said. "If we transport money we must get armed cars to protect it from bandits."

Chief P. Smith, of New Haven, Chairman of the Committee on Revolver Legislation, said many bills for the control of firearms had been presented in Congress, but that all had been shelved in committee. Similar bills had been introduced in 36 states, but had been passed in only four of them. In most of the other states the bills had been defeated.

Despite this he said all the chiefs should continue to press for the passage of such laws. He predicted that eventually legislation prohibiting the sale of pistols would be adopted everywhere.

The allied proposition of prohibiting the manufacture of pistols did not have unanimous support, and the whole matter was referred to the Committee on Revolver Legislation with a view to having bills drafted that the members of the Association could support.

A tragic incident that marked the debate was the receipt by one of the speakers, Chief of Police D. Reeder, of El Paso, Tex., of a telegram to the effect that the head of his Burglary Squad had been shot down that very morning by a Mexican prowler.

GEORGE S. DOUGHERTY, head of one of the largest private detective agencies, speaking on the pistol menace, said:

"In 1923 twenty-eight persons were murdered every day in America, totalling over 10,000 in the year, and of them ninety per cent were killed with revolvers.

"Fifteen thousand persons committed suicide in a year with revolvers. Three United States Presidents have been assassinated with revolvers. There are 22,000 policemen in London, England, not one of whom carries a pistol.

"The great difficulty in the United States is that certain states will not forbid the sale of revolvers, and further that men in states that do prohibit the business merely go to the next state to buy pistols. That is one of the reasons why I am all for a Federal enactment prohibiting the manufacture and sale of revolvers.

"There is a tremendous over supply of revolvers in Europe as a result of the world war. Consequently we have a great importation of well-known makes, which are manufactured at much less cost than here and are sold at a ridiculously low figure.

"The revolver is the courage behind the coward. My experience leads me to ask who can be against restrictive legislation. Certainly nobody but the criminal and the manufacturer. I believe that we would have a tremendous reduction in crime in this country if the pistol were eliminated.

"Since 1918 I have been all over the world studying the criminal. It is all wrong to blame the crime wave on the returned soldier. My study shows that the modern criminal is usually a youth between 17 and 24, who was in short trousers when the boys were fighting in France.

"The present day criminal is a 'sheik,' with his hair plastered down with glue. He is a dancing bug with a flask on his hip, and he begins his criminal career by stealing autos to take his girl riding.

"Eighty-five per cent of murders are committed with pistols. Why? It is the desire for the thrill—just criminal vanity. A man carries a gun and the first thing you know is that he has whipped it out and killed a man in a quarrel.

"It is unnecessary for any person to carry a revolver. The pistol permit is a political tool. It is granted as a favor to individuals; it is a means for party prestige; it is class legislation.

"The revolver is little use to anybody. Take Walter Muir! If he had had no gun it would have been a fist fight, nothing more. As it is he hangs.

"A gun is bound to get its owner into trouble, sooner or later. The sooner people learn that the better."

Speakers from various automobile associations called for uniform automobile and traffic laws for the entire North American continent; a campaign of education to eradicate speed maniacs and drunken chauffeurs, and also for a series of severe laws that would enable the police everywhere to impound the cars of drivers found breaking the speed regulations.

George Graham, of the National Automobile Chamber of Commerce, said that the death toll from automobiles was rising in proportion to the increase in the number of cars in the United States, and that automobile manufacturers were conducting an intensive campaign for safety. They advocated jail, not fines, for speed demons and drunken drivers.

"A fine is paid by a man with a smirk on his face," said Mr. Graham. "He doesn't mind going to jail for a few days even. I say, stop him from driving his car and make him pay for the cost of its impounding."

Ernest R. Smith, general manager of the American Automobile Association, insisted that one traffic law for all Canada and the United States must come. "You cannot drive 500 miles without violating traffic laws in the United States, while such cities as Chicago and Philadelphia have widely different rules. The two countries should have a simple law and then have that law obeyed."

Formation of a special traffic and accident bureau rep-

(*Continued on page* 65)

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The Prison Philanthropist

A Sea Captain Visits a State Prison and Gives Good Advice---Being Interested in Prison Reform

By John H. Kratz
Detective Division, Baltimore—Charles A. Kohler Collaborating

THIS chronicle begins where many police stories end—in prison. The starting point is the Maryland State Prison, which frowns fortress-like on a downtown section of Baltimore. Reversing the usual process, the narrative moves from that grim establishment out into the free air and the sunshine.

In the Maryland prison two years ago was incarcerated a certain Joey, a youth of winning personality, who had been too facile with his pen and a check book. Six years was his term. With one year of the six already behind him, he had at the time of this occurrence so endeared himself to the officials that he was their most trusted trusty, and in charge of the main entrance door to the prison, outside of which the armed guards hold watch. For that matter, he holds the job today.

In his spare hours Joey was active in furthering the many welfare activities that are carried on in this prison under the present warden, Claude B. Sweezy. He helped on the stage at the Sunday entertainments, returning afterward to his doorman's job. He assembled casts of players chosen from the ranks of the unfortunates who wore the prison garb and often acted as director of ceremonies.

On that Sunday on which this history begins Joey gave smiling welcome to the manager of one of Baltimore's big hotels. The man, a jovial chap of the typical Boniface type, was well known to Joey as a patron of the social welfare work in the prison and a heavy contributor to its funds.

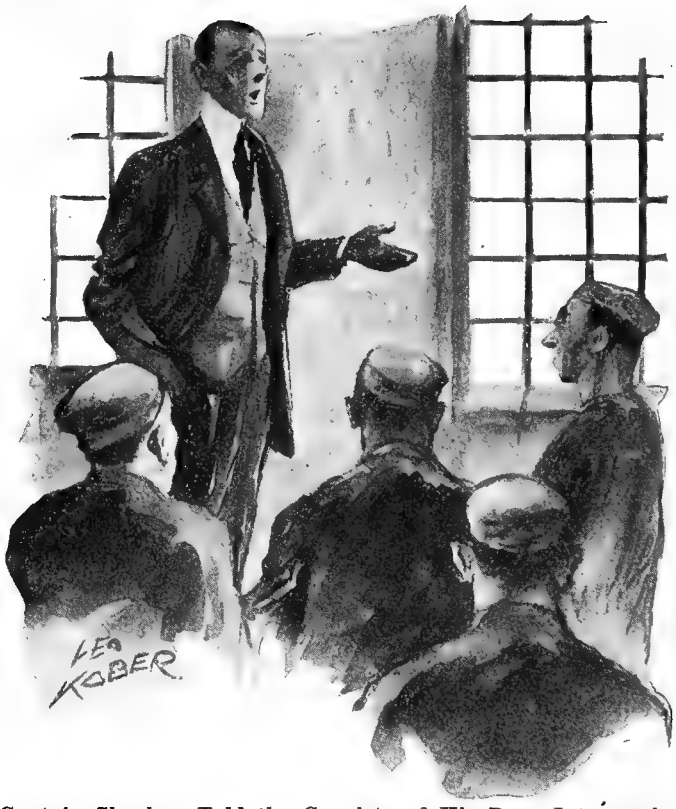
"Joey, let me introduce Captain Lawrence I. Sheahan," said the manager. "He's a guest of ours and very much interested in the welfare of the prisoners." Joey bowed and told the newcomer that he was glad to see him help the good work along.

Afterward during the Sunday afternoon performance Joey chanced to be usher in the aisle beside which the manager and his friend were seated at the rear. The convict stood behind them and talked at length of the needs of the men and of the great good that could be accomplished by outsiders taking a personal interest in them.

Captain Sheahan showed instant interest and at the close of the performance he asked to meet those who were leaders in the welfare work among the convicts. Before speaking to them he was introduced to Warden Sweezy as a prospective benefactor of the prisoners—a patron of the welfare work.

"Oh, that's too much to claim," was his deprecating remark. "I take a deep interest in all social welfare work and I should like to do what is possible for the prisoners. But don't call me a patron—just a friend. You see I am just a merchant ship captain and am in port only a part of the time. My resources are not great, but what I can afford I should like to contribute to your very praiseworthy enterprise."

At a little meeting of the convicts who had been leading in the stage entertainments Captain Sheahan told them that because his ship was in port only at long intervals his visits to the prison must needs be far apart. He would, however, come as often as possible, he assured them.



Captain Sheahan Told the Convicts of His Deep Interest in Prison Welfare

"Prison reform," he said, "is one of my pet hobbies. I am highly pleased that my good natured friend who manages a hotel so different from this should take so great an interest in your welfare. More than that, I am much gratified that he has brought me here and enabled me to be of some slight service to you men through a little contribution I have made to your fund. I have always wished to do some personal work for the victims what I know must in some cases be only misfortune.

"Now that I have gotten in touch with you I assure you I shall return often, to help you—perhaps to counsel with you."

So far he was listened to with enthusiasm and close attention. The talk had been refreshingly promising. Right there, however, what there was of novelty in his speech vanished. What took its place made the men wilt in their chairs.

There is something in the penitentiary atmosphere that moves almost every one who addresses a prison audience to adjure his hearers to be good because the only real rewards are those that virtue bestows. And Captain Sheahan was no exception to the rule.

"I can't close," he said, "without advancing for your

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benefit a rule that I have made my guide throughout life—a rule that will stand you in good stead, even as it has made me what I am today.

"This rule," he explained, "is based on that ancient precept, 'Honor thy father and thy mother.' I have made it a practice whenever I have been tempted—and I will confess to you men that I have at times been sorely tempted—to always remember my father and my mother.

"The thought of their dear, kind faces has been my mainstay in many a stiff battle against temptation. Just so the same hallowed memories will help stiffen your backbones the next time you find yourself weakening. If you heed my advice the thoughts of the father and the mother you loved will serve to keep you out of places like this."

Was that moisture in the eyes of Joey? Were those tears that dripped from the brimming orbs of Philadelphia Pete, seated next to him? Certainly there were tears in the eyes of the much affected speaker. Captain Sheahan frankly gave way to his emotions as he concluded his homely address.

The Captain's hand felt moist to Joey as the prospective prison philanthropist bade him good-bye at the big gate. But there was more than the dampness of tears. When the Captain withdrew his hand Joey found a neatly folded five dollar bill nestling in his palm.

"Oh, I can't take this—'gainst the rules!" gasped the astonished Joey. Never before had he been thus rewarded.

"No, Joey. You keep it. It's just a secret between you and me. No one else need know. And I want you to realize how much I should like to help you more."

"Oh, if you put it that way, sir," acquiesced Joey, "why thank you."

"That's the way," rejoined the Captain. "And, Joey—don't forget when temptation assails you to think of your father and your mother. It will save you from ever returning to such a place as this."

And he and the jovial manager departed well pleased with the new impetus they had given to the cause of prison reform.

BALTIMORE was perturbed with a great mystery. Not since the teeming days of the war, when the city had been jammed with rough strangers from every part of the earth, working in the shipyards and other war industries, had the place been faced with such a mystery as that of the day.

In the beginning a stranger from Altoona, Pa., stopping at the Southern Hotel, a fine, new house, had reported a theft of money from his room. His diamond scarf pin had been beside the money and had not been touched. The hotel management and the police were inclined to believe that he had spent or lost the money somewhere else and had merely imagined that it had been taken from his room. They could not conceive of a thief who would pass by a $1,000 diamond and take a smaller amount in currency.

But four days later the manager of the Emerson Hotel faced an angry patron, who asserted that $129, part of it in silver, had disappeared. The police began to think that possibly a professional hotel thief had been at work, but they could find no clew to the perpetrator, nor could they obtain any tip from the stool pigeons of the underworld.

Next the Southern Hotel had difficulty in convincing a woman from Atlanta that one of the chambermaids had not made away with $64 from her purse. She insisted that the money had been lying on the dresser when she went to bed, that her door had been locked all night, and that the chambermaid who came in early in the morning was the only person who could possibly have taken it. She had had the maid bring breakfast to her room, only to learn on rising that she hadn't a penny in the world wherewith to pay for it.

Very shortly after this episode the manager of the Belvidere Hotel reported the disappearance of nearly $200 in gold coin from a purse that a married woman had hidden under her pillow on retiring. The peculiarity of this case was that the leather pocket-book had been left beneath the pillow after the gold had been extracted. So clever had the thief been that neither the woman nor her husband, who lay beside her, had been aroused.

By this time the hotel managers of Baltimore were really alarmed. They thought that some wonderful Raffles of the Hotels had descended on their town, and there was not one of them but arose each morning in tremulous expectation of a new loss.

My partner and I, assigned to the hotel beat by the Detective Division, were as puzzled as the hotel managers. I am frank to say this, because there had been no clew left in any of the rooms that had been visited that threw the slightest light on the thefts. We could not tell how the crimes were committed nor when.

There was, in fact, no proof that one person had done all the stealing, except the queer circumstance that in each case money only was taken. The passing by of the $1,000 diamond had attracted our attention, so we had taken note of the fact that in every other instance valuables within easy reach had been deliberately ignored.

As we mulled over this highly unusual factor in this campaign of theft we decided that the robberies must have been committed by one person. Once we had reached that conclusion we set ourselves to trap the singular thief.

Moving from hotel to hotel, we spent night after night watching for some suspicious movement, keenly alive to everything that went on in the corridors and sometimes even spending a good part of the night on the fire escapes. But all to no purpose. When we were in one hotel there was a robbery at another.

Cases piled up rapidly and, though we called for help to watch all the three hotels at night, the loss reports continued to grow. In three weeks twenty-seven robberies in hotel rooms were reported, and in every case cash only was taken. And we of the hotel squad began to fairly fear to hear of new thefts. We came to such a state that we flinched at the ring of the 'phone in the Detective Division.

Our professional reputation was at stake. More than that, the reputation of the police department. We could not permit such a thing to continue if any human agency could stop it. We doubled the night police watch in the three high class hotels that were affected.

Soon we were rewarded. Early one morning a piercing cry, "Stop; you've got my money," resounded through the quiet corridors of the Emerson. My partner and I, watchfully waiting on the fourteenth floor, heard the cry come from above. We ran up to the fifteenth floor to find a very much excited man in his pajamas running down the hallways, crying that he had been robbed.

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"He leaped through that window," said he, pointing to the single window of his room. We hastened there along with the night clerk of the hotel, who had hurried up.

"Why," said the clerk, "he couldn't get away through that window. It's fifteen stories to the ground. No man could leap out of that and live."

Peering out, we looked downward straight fifteen floors to where the stained glass roof of the lobby covered the central court of the building. If a man had gone through that canopy there would have been a jagged hole in the stained glass, to say nothing of other things.

Casting about for some explanation, I noticed that some ten feet away at one side was a fire escape that was set before a window of an adjoining room. I began to suspect that possibly we had to deal with an acrobat of marvelous ability. I asked the guest if he was sure he had seen a man.

"Certainly," he answered. "I nearly caught his foot as he went out the window."

"Was he dressed?"

"No, in his underwear. Didn't even have stockings on."

I went to the adjoining room, whose occupant had already been awakened by the uproar, and asked permission to see the fire escape, which was readily granted. And out there on the iron of the escape I found a little fresh tricklet of blood, where perhaps bare feet had landed with great force. I could find no further trace of blood either above or below the entire length of the fire escape.

He was Not to Be Lightly Stopped

My partner and I investigated, unknown to them, all the persons whose rooms opened on that escape, but found no clew to our mysterious thief. Through this experience, however, we had advanced just one step. We knew that the robberies were being committed by a tall man who did his work in his underwear.

Two days later a school teacher from Belair was found in hysterics following the disappearance from her room of her season's savings, with which she had come to Baltimore to spend the Christmas holidays. She had awakened in time to see a white-clad figure reaching for her money which she had left on a dresser near a window. She could furnish no more definite clew.

THE next event in the exciting series of robberies took a certain concrete form. Sleeping on the sixth floor of the Belvidere Hotel were two business men from Wilmington, who awakened to find a third man in bed with them. One of the Wilmington men sought to catch the intruder, but he was too spry. They saw his white-clad figure move toward the door. The guests leaped from bed and again attempted to capture him, but failed. The man slipped through a door.

Thereupon the guests called the night clerk and told of the attempted robbery. When the clerk and a hastily summoned police sergeant asked where the thief had escaped, the guests said:

"Through that door."

"Why, that's a locked door," said the clerk. "That leads into the next room. These doors are always locked and the key removed. Nobody could get through that."

"You must be mistaken," said the sergeant. "That door is right beside the hall door of your room. Perhaps you made a mistake, being half asleep."

"We didn't make a mistake," insisted one of the victims. "That thief went through that door."

The puzzled clerk rapped on the door of the next room. No response! Another rap. No response. The policeman took the butt of his pistol and knocked.

"Is it seven o'clock already?" asked a sleepy voice.

"No, it's not seven o'clock; please open the door," was the testy answer.

The door opened and a sleepy-eyed individual wanted to know what all the disturbance was about, and why they woke him up in the middle of the night. They told him that a thief had escaped through his room, probably by way of a fire escape, and then they searched the room for clews.

This room hunt got them nowhere, so the patrolman sent for a sergeant. He soon arrived and, on going over the situation, was as much puzzled as anyone else. Finally, in an attempt to ascertain if there could be any connection between the sleepy-head in the second room and the thief he invaded the man's room and searched his clothing.

At this the hotel patron grew indignant and told the sergeant that he was a relative of an inspector at Baltimore police headquarters, and that he could not be treated in that way without somebody suffering for it. When the sergeant insisted on searching his room again the indignant Philadelphian, for such he proved to be, asserted that he would certainly make a complaint in the morning.

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True to his word, the aggrieved one did try to enter a complaint against the intruding sergeant.

THE account of this in the morning papers caught my eye, and I stopped at the hotel to make a little experiment. I took a tracing of the Philadelphian's signature from the register of the Belvidere and went about to the other hotels, looking for similar handwritings.

It struck me as peculiar at the time that on the register of the Emerson on the night of the thief's escape by an acrobatic leap to the fire escape there was a signature of similar appearance. This coincidence became still more peculiar when I found on the register of another house a third signature in the same rather odd hand.

I asked the hotel's manager about his guest.

"One of the finest fellows in the place," said he. "He's captain of a tramp steamship that puts in here every few months and he stays at the hotel while the ship's in town; has plenty of money; spends it freely and is well liked by everybody."

"Look up the record of the thefts you have had here," said I, "and see if any of them have been near rooms of the ones he occupied. You say he has been away for days at a time and has changed rooms each time on coming back."

"Oh, that wouldn't be worth while," said the manager. "He's all right. There could not be anything wrong with him."

"But just the same I would like to have you look up this record."

"Now, Kratz," said he, "take a friend's advice and don't make a mistake in this thing. Don't you go off half-cocked and suspect about the finest man we have in the hotel of being a crook. I tell you now it's absolutely dangerous. This man has the highest kind of a character and is a personal friend of mine."

"Well, just the same," said I, "I want you to look up the record. If that does not show that his room was near all of those that were entered on the different nights I will drop him from the case."

There was no man more astonished than the manager when he found that on the occasion of three of the robberies in his house the rooms entered had been either one or two doors away from the Captain's room or had been opposite his. He now admitted that I might have some reason for my suspicions and agreed, though reluctantly, to help me put them to the test.

CAPTAIN SHEAHAN of the steamship *Tecumseh II* occupied room 606 and directly across the hall was No. 607, where two men "from New York" immediately registered.

When the electric lights were turned down in the hallways that night the key of No. 607, with its big brown fibre tag, was left in the outside of the door as bait. It dangled temptingly in the view of Captain Sheahan as he passed back and forth. In a pair of trousers, thrown over a chair near a window and across the room from the door, was a bulging pocket-book with a big roll of genuine bills of $1 denomination.

My partner and I snored dutifully through the hours of that long night, one after the other taking up the tune, but both of us lying on our sides with eyes toward the door and wide awake.

We were beginning to fear that our trick had failed when, in the early morning I opened my eyes just a crack and saw a white-clad figure in underwear tip-toe by me, abstract the bills from the pocket-book and start back for the door.

"Hands up!" I cried, as I brought my pistol out from under the bed clothes. He was not to be lightly stopped, however, for he yanked open the door and fled, my bullet singing after him as he went.

My partner and I leaped after him pell-mell. He had no time to seek refuge in any other room, so he ran down to the fifth floor, circled through the hallway, and then shot down to the fourth. We fired at him as he went from the fifth to the fourth floor and, seeing him dart down the hallway in the direction of another stairway that we knew about, we ran along the fifth floor corridor to this second stair, only to find the thief coming up. Evidently he was trying to regain his room. As we reached the head of the stairs, my partner jumped up a step or two on the upper flight of steps, with the hope of being free to shoot him, while I attempted to grab him.

"Look out," my partner called, "he's got a gun."

I had no chance to use mine just then, so I had to resort to primitive weapons. With clenched fist and every ounce in me I hit him full in the face, almost flattening him against the wall. Just then my partner leaped over the banister to my aid. Although, as it proved later, the thief was severely wounded, the fight he put up against the two wiry policemen was such as only a giant could maintain. We soon found ourselves getting the worst of the encounter and in an endeavor to stop the man I brought my pistol butt down thrice on his head with all the force that I could muster. The gutta percha side plates of my pistol handle were shattered by the impact, yet that man continued to fight. It was some time before we subdued him.

Our prisoner was not the captain of the *Tecumseh II*, but the purser, masquerading as the captain. And he was the mysterious hotel burglar we had been seeking.

After arraigning him at Central Station we learned for the first time that he was hurt. He asked for a cigarette and then told us to take him to the hospital. There the surgeons discovered that my first shot in the bedroom had severed a small artery in the groin and might easily prove fatal. Despite this serious arterial wound the man had been able to run through two hotel corridors, up and down stairs and put up a marvelous fight against two men.

After six weeks of trembling between life and death our prisoner was able to leave the hospital and face a jury. Then he was convicted and was sentenced by Judge Hewisler to eleven years in the Maryland State Prison.

AS the prison gates opened to receive the "Captain," ex-hotel thief and ex-fighter, the trusty called Joey was on duty. The big man who walked in had no word for Joey, but Joey had a word for him.

"Always remember your father and your mother," whispered Joey to the "Captain." "When you are tempted—always remember your father and mother, and then you won't fall. Six years—eleven years," hissed Joey.

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Charge to Crime—Ten Billions

In Theft, Forgery, Bribery, Credit Frauds and Con Games, Dishonesty Piles Up a Staggering Annual Loss to Business

By Edward H. Smith

(From Business Magazine, of Burroughs Adding Machine Co.)

MR. AARON JONES, as we shall call this gentleman, had paid about $60,000 in Japan for a shipment of raw silk, which came across the ocean to Puget Sound and proceeded thence by train to New York, where it was unloaded and put away into Mr. Jones' warehouse. This raw silk had been insured against the depredations of marine and harbor pirates and against freight car burglars and other thieves who operate against valuable goods in railroad transit. Thus, before the shipment reached him it had cost Mr. Jones two premiums for insurance. As soon as the silk entered his loft he took out another policy. Seventeen days afterwards his storehouse was entered by burglars and the entire cargo of raw silk was trucked away. No trace of it was found. Mr. Jones entered a claim with the insurance company, collected the full amount and congratulated himself.

The money he got from the insurance company Jones invested in a fresh shipment of raw silk. Once more he paid for insurance on the goods in transit; once more he loaded the stuff into his warehouse and once more he bought insurance against burglary. But just here he encountered trouble and began to see a light.

"We just paid a $60,000 loss on some silk out of that loft, didn't we?" asked the insurance man.

"Yes," Mr. Jones admitted.

"Ah-r-r!" said the agent. "We'd hardly accept a fresh risk on such goods in that place unless you made some alterations."

"Alterations?"

"A first-class protective installation."

"You mean a burglar alarm?"

"Yes, and then some."

"Otherwise I get no insurance?"

"Precisely; and we must approve the protective devices you put in. Besides that, when you get all through, the burglary rate on silk has been doubled in the last thirty days, owing to many robberies—yours and others."

Mr. Jones mopped a steaming brow and went forth. He found that to install an adequate protective system would cost $2,000. He paid the $2,000. Then he paid $4,500 for insurance. And now, at last, he sat down to figure.

His original insurance, including the marine and railroad transport policies, had cost about $4,000. His new insurance covering the same items and the same value had risen to more than $7,000. His protective system against burglars added $2,000. Here was a total of $13,000 imposed on him by criminals.

Jones tried to console himself with the old notion that he could pass the loss along to those who bought of him, but this pleasant vision was not abiding. He discovered that there had been a slight decline in the market and that he would have to absorb the losses himself. As a result, Mr. Aaron Jones is one of those who knows the effect of crime on business.

There is surely no well-informed merchant in the country, operating in those lines that robbers commonly attack, who doesn't know that he must compete constantly with the underworld. Burglars, bandits, fraudulent bankrupts, credit trimmers, common thieves, dishonest employes, corrupt truckmen, package and bundle snatchers, railroad thieves, harbor pirates and many other criminal families take not less than five or six hundred million dollars' worth of goods every year and turn this huge bulk over to fences and professional disposers, who then vend the stolen merchandise to dishonest or ignorant retailers in all parts of the country. In certain lines, like dry goods, silk underwear and women's apparel, silk shirts, linens, woolens, shoes, gloves and other leathers, furs, laces, men's clothing, haberdashery, and even in some grocery lines, this competition of subterranean with legitimate commerce has grown to be a national evil.

A WELL known manufacturer of silk stockings, in Philadelphia, could not understand for more than two years the complaints that came in from jobbers, saying that they were being undersold in this manufacturer's line of goods. A certain jobbing firm, whose establishment was situated only a few blocks from that of the Philadelphia manufacturer, was offering his stockings at less than the wholesale cost. Long and careful investigation revealed that this jobber was the ringleader and disposer for a gang of fake bankrupts and credit manipulators. He sent out men to various towns, all over the country, got them to open dry goods stores and run up their cerdits with manufacturers, always including the man in Philadelphia. As soon as these crooks had got into the graces of their creditors, by means of constantly increasing orders and prompt payments, they worked the old trick of the final big order after which they disappeared or suddenly went bankrupt. In either event all their valuable stuff found its way, by circuitous routing, to the Philadelphia jobber. He was finally caught, with a number of his underlings, and these worthies are now serving terms in the federal prison, down in pleasant Atlanta.

But the vast bulk of stolen goods of this kind is being disposed of by enormous fencing and disposing organizations in New York and other great distributing points. These fences, who are men of means and influence, secretly buy vast quantities of stolen merchandise from all manner of property criminals. They pay, almost without exception, 25 per cent. of the wholesale value of the stolen goods. The thieves get this proportion in cash. The fence takes all subsequent risks. He sends out underworld salesmen to merchants whom he knows to be prone to the arguments of prices well under the market. Such salesmen are a regularly constituted order. There are scores of them in New York, who never in all their lives have sold a dollar's worth of honest stuff. They deal in stolen values only and penetrate to all parts of the country, disposing of what cannot be offered in

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one city by putting it on the market in another.

Every shopkeeper must be aware of the menace of the various fly-by-night establishments that set themselves up from time to time in all communities and vanish as soon as they have succeeded in selling to local clienteles a glut of all manner of goods. It is largely through such establishments that America's great mountain of stolen goods finds its way to the public.

So much being clear, it is time to set down some figures that will reveal how one may arrive at the total of losses from crime. The compilations and estimates have been gathered by the author over a period of several years from authoritative sources—such sources as Seymour L. Cromwell, president of the New York Stock Exchange; William B. Joyce, chairman of the board of directors of the National Surety Company; Henry H. Reed, of the marine agency of the Insurance Company of North America; Hugh Smith, secretary of the National Vigilance Committee of the Associated Advertising Clubs of the World; C. W. West, chief investigator for the National Association of Credit Men; H. J. Kenner, manager of the New York Better Business Bureau; the police departments of New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, San Francisco and other cities; the Association of Railway Executives.

BUCKET shops, board-of-trade swindles, land swindles and other confidence games having to do with stocks, bonds and futures cause the largest loss to the public. Mr. Cromwell estimates the annual total of $1,000,000,000. Mr. Smith, of the Associated Advertising Clubs, had figures to show a total of $3,000,000,000. It seems certain that the annual loss may be placed at $2,000,000,000.

Mr. Joyce, after consultation with the heads of the thirty-one surety companies in the country, estimated the annual embezzlement loss at $125,000,000 and the burglary loss at $525,000,000.

In the big-scale class, also, one must include forgery. The total annual loss from all forms of forgery and check raising is not less than $100,000,000.

The National Association of Credit Men places the total loss through fraudulent bankruptcies and all form of creditor trimming schemes at $400,000,000.

Bad debts to wholesale and retail merchants pile up another $150,000,000.

Worthless checks cashed by merchants rise to the annual total of $100,000,000. Many authorities say that this figure is too conservative.

Political graft, looting of the public domain, thefts from the government and from the states are listed by the best authorities at $200,000,000 yearly—which figure also has been attacked as being far too low.

To indicate how some of these estimates were computed—the Harvard Business School, in 1921, examined 119 department stores, which sold a gross of $318,0000,000 worth of goods. These stores were found to charge off two-tenths of 1 per cent. of sales volume for uncollectible debts. The school examined the books of 727 retail stores and found bad-debt losses of $815,235.

The Retail Credit Men's Association of St. Louis, became interested in the problem of bad checks some time ago and conducted an inquiry among its membership and among credit associations in other cities. From its findings the St. Louis association estimated that the annual bad-check loss of the average retailer is about $150. To arrive at an estimate of the national total, you can multiply that $150 by 600,000.

Thus, be as skeptical as we like, we are faced with an annual loss to criminals—by direct stealing—that totals in the neighborhood of $3,500,000,000.

It is noteworthy that more than half the total goes to stock operators and other swindlers of that ilk. The most common victims of such marauders are business men.

However, the $3,500,000,000 direct property loss through criminal operations is only the beginning of the story. The indirect mulct is much greater. To begin with, there is the cost of preventing, detecting, prosecuting and punishing crime and law-breaking. Under the head of expenditures for these purposes comes the cost of our various police and detective forces, federal, state, county, municipal and private. The policing system of the country is said to require the energies of more than 400,000 men. Their wages and expenses have been estimated by penologists and social investigators at $1,000,000,000 annually.

THE support of criminal courts, pay of judges, prosecutors, clerks, bailiffs, attendants and other functionaries must also be considered. Finally, comes the matter of the building and maintenance of prisons, penitentiaries, jails, lockups, reformatories and asylums, together with the feeding and pay of their inmates, the wages of guards, keepers, jailers, wardens, matrons and many others.

All these items must be paid for by means of taxation, and business pays the taxes or the greater part of them. Ex-Governor Frank Lowden of Illinois, speaking before a convention of state executives in Washington recently, reminded his hearers that the expenditure for housing, feeding and attending the criminal and charitable charges of the various states now amounts to between one-third and one-fourth of the states' total incomes.

Nor does the matter end here. Penologists and criminologists estimate that in one sense or another from 1 to 1½ per cent. of the population is criminal. At all times about 200,000 persons in the United States are under lock and key. But these 200,000 represent less than one-fifth of the active criminal population—men, women and children who are definitely anti-social and certain to be charges of the state for some part of their lives. Not only does this great army of offenders steal $3,500,000,000 annually; not only does it require about as much more of public money for policing, imprisonment, feeding and attention; but it is an unproductive force, a great economic waste. If the annual productiveness of the individual be estimated at the conservative sum of $1,500, it will be seen that $1,500,000,000 must be set down on the crime bill as industrial wastage.

RETURNING to the question of the business man's eventual participation in this enormous loss, it is not too difficult to prove that he suffers at least equally with the consumer. The purchasing power of the public must be assumed to be a more or less fixed quantity. If then, because of enormous stealing, the sellers of goods must add a fixed impost to the cost of every article sold to the public, it stands to reason that the consumption automatically will decrease.

What's the answer? Do you ask for a miracle—an overnight transformation of human nature? There is no single answer, unless it be education—education of the victim of crime to the end that he may protect himself more efficiently and more economically, and education of the criminal and prospective criminal to the end that he may know that, not even for him, does dishonesty pay.

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My First Day on the Beat

The New Recruit's Story of How He Started Out in Uniform and of What Befell Him

By a Rookie

WHEN you leave the School of Instruction and are put out on the street it's assumed you are a full-fledged patrolman. Legally and technically you are—but are you? Practically you aren't—not by a jugful—not until you have cut your eye-teeth on that hard-shelled teething ring we call the world.

And whether you like the teething experience or even police work at first depends in large measure on where the great hand that moves you about like a pawn in chess happens to set you down. Be it in soft Flatbush or drowsy Inwood, where folk are friendly and speak you fair, you will take to the life. But Hell's Kitchen—where there's a devil's broth stirring most of the time! Ah, that's something else again.

And that was where I was set loose. There was just a word from the tough old sergeant as a bit of advice. Then my comrades vanished around a corner and of a sudden a sinking feeling came to me.

I was on my own.

The surroundings were encouraging. A golden sky showed above the Hudson piers and my chest swelled as I drank in its encouraging augury. All was bright about me—all except that the woman across the way drew down the shade with a jerk when she caught sight of my blues.

Two men were pushing an unwilling child into a taxi

All was golden in the air about me—but a longshoreman who passed me spat as he went by. Did it mean anything? I put my hand back and stepped out behind the fellow. But soft, I was no longer a civilian free to take up this quarrel and that. My step slackened, the man went on his courses.

Back on the corner I had left by only a few score feet there sounded harsh laughter—concerted laughter. Without seeming to I cast a glance that way and saw three young gangsters seated on a bread box. Should I make them move on? Why seek trouble? Unfriendliness was in the air.

All the policemen I had known when I was a boy had been idols to me—but here I, who would be the friend of all the good world, was finding myself a pariah. I hadn't thought of anything like this. I must brace myself to face antagonism, distrust, even hate. And consciously I did brace myself. Thoughts of the instruction in how to fight off an antagonistic mob ran through my brain.

"Say, officer, won't you please hold my dog while I go in after some sausages?" It was a woman's voice at my elbow, and before I thought what I was about I was standing picket post in front of a butcher shop with a curly white mutt that was stained almost coffee colored from age and dirt tied to my apron strings.

Was this police work? I was a highly disgusted young man before the woman came out, and with quite a bit of thanks told me that she couldn't take the bunch of dirty waste—that's what the dog looked like—into the shop because it stole all the meat it could get at.

I walked rapidly away—but not without hearing a faint echo of chuckles floating behind me. Not very pleasant this.

"Polizei! Polizei!" came a cary ahead of me as an old German rushed out of one of the two-story bricks that line these streets. Seeing me, he rushed up and almost embraced me as he jabbered an unintelligible story. He drew me in to his little shop, and as he did so a young fellow rushed out and past us.

"What's his hurry?" said I. For answer the old man's daughter in the shop told me that the young man had bought a cake of chocolate at five cents and then had offered a two-dollar bill in payment. She had refused the bill either because of her own prejudice or superstition or because she couldn't hand it on to her customers, and had offered to take back the chocolate. The young man had become angry and had insisted that she take

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the bill. But when her father had called me the young fellow had dropped the chocolate and hurried out.

"That's a great fuss to make," said I, going out. Was this police work? I had joined the department in the blaze of a great desire to be of public service. If this was what it was like—bah!

FOR a long time things continued to taste ill to me. There was the incident of the man standing in the door of a soft drink place that obviously had once been a saloon. As I passed I caught a glimpse of his figure reflected in a show-window across the street. And he was shaking his fist at my blue back.

A few moments later I passed an ancient negro of the woolly-haired type. He was shaking his head and muttering something, and by this time I was getting touchy. Yes, sir, real touchy. So I slowed down and listened carefully. If he was saying anything about the cops—

But what I heard was something quite different:

"Deed an' they cain't. Cain't make this darkey take none of them black-luck two-dollar bills. Nevah did take none and ain't nevah goin' to take none. Not fo' the head devil hisself—" The muttering died off in a drone.

I laughed at the superstition I knew had started with the darkeys and had spread to the whites. I would take all the two-dollar bills that anyone could hand me. No bad luck for me in two-dollar bills.

Bad luck in two-dollar bills! Why, it had been a two-dollar bill that had caused the excitement around the corner. I turned after the old darkey and soon he was telling me his story.

He was a bootblack in a small hotel and had just had to lose a hard-earned ten cents because he wouldn't take a two-dollar bill. "The young feller stohmed at me, too," said the old chap, "but I nevah took one yet and I ain't a-goin' to begin. Even a graveyard rabbit's foot ain't good against them things."

But I wasn't thinking about luck—not the kind he was talking about. I was wondering whether there could be luck for a new patrolman in two-dollar bills and a young man who was handing them out. I strolled back toward the hotel—which was off my beat, in Thirty-fifth street, but in plain sight. I took a chance and went over to the hotel, but the young man had gone and apparently no one knew anything about him.

Getting back to my beat about noon, I noticed the druggist at Ninth avenue and Thirty-fifth street was standing in his doorway, holding a U. S. note up against the light as I strolled up. When I saw it was a two-dollar bill I went over to him.

"Did a tall young fellow in a Panama hat give that to you?"

"Yes—why, is it bad?"

"I don't know—let me see."

Next I was looking at one of the sloppiest counterfeits I had ever seen.

"How long has this fellow been gone—and which way?" was my sharp query.

"About ten minutes—went west," was the accurate, full answer, characteristic of so careful a man as a pharmacist. I puzzled over it as I went west. I had come from that direction and I felt sure the young fellow I had seen at the German's store had not passed me.

I went to the end of my post; no young man in sight. For the second time that day I went off post in the hope of doing a good piece of police work.

FOR the second time that day I was unsuccessful—more than that, I was unfortunate. The sergeant came along with—

"Hey, young fellow, you're beginning early, aren't you. Off post on your first tour. How come?"

I told him, but it made no impression. He had heard equally unconvincing stories before. Back I traveled to my own bailiwick, sore, disheartened and almost in a mood to quit.

The sergeant came after me and gave me a word of advice. "I'll not say anything about it this time, lad, because you're new. You want to understand, however, that if the city is to be protected every man must be within a certain distance of every point all the time. We wouldn't have any police at all—you and I wouldn't have any jobs—if it wasn't that we could be depended on to be where we ought. So just don't do it again."

He had not been long gone when I saw the young man of the morning episode enter an olive oil store. Promptly I walked in.

Obviously I was an unexpected disturber of a confab. "No, no! I no take!" the storekeeper said as I approached the young man. This individual glanced into the merchant's eyes for a cue—I would have bet that what was said was not what had been expected.

"Got change for a five-dollar bill?" I asked the young man.

Instantly the sun of his good humor seemed to come out from behind the clouds of fear. So it was only change that I wanted. If so, all was well.

He smiled happily as he told me he didn't have anything but silver.

"Let me see your pocket-book?" said I.

"Now the other one!" was my command.

This one was slow in coming, but in it lay a two-dollar bill that I was sure had never seen Washington. As I laid hands on it there came a great outburst from the other side of the counter—

"He try to pass that bill on me! I no take. Looka at that bill."

I was looking at it—and thinking.

Obviously the young man was taken aback by this outburst. He started to say something, then stopped. I had had no special reason to suspect the olive oil man up to that time, but just here there occurred to me the fact that had been borne in on us in Training School—namely, that the chiefs in the green-goods and counterfeiting games were always protected by their underlings—that they would unhesitatingly "turn up" any of their workers to save their own miserable hides.

Now I was suspicious of the whole place. I promptly handcuffed the young man to a radiator pipe and told the merchant to show me around. I didn't find anything, so I telephoned for help and, with the desk lieutenant's permission, called for a Secret Service operative.

"Those bills have been bothering us for a month," said the operative on arrival, "and you've done us the biggest kind of a service."

"Now let's see what this fellow knows"; he turned on the young man. But that youth was too hardened to "squeal." He would admit nothing.

The Secret Service man took a look around. Lying on the counter where the merchant and the young man had been talking was a commonplace object—to wit, a can opener. I had paid no attention to it. The olive oil

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man had thought nothing of it. But the government man did.

"Why a can opener?" said he. "They don't open oil cans that way—they have spouts."

"Oh, I have it"—and he began lifting oil cans and shaking them. As he worked he talked. "Hold that olive oil man there—we'll have it on him in just a few minutes. You know they import olive oil in barrels and then put it in cans here. They bring the cans from Italy empty—and I'll bet that Italy is where those notes are coming from. We've been unable to find any plant in this country for them."

He was a rapid worker and the empty cans flew about fast until there came one that gave forth a shush-shush sound.

"Now the can opener!" he shouted. My prisoner at this point sought to get away into a back room and I had a scuffle with him. When I got him back the Secret Service man had opened a square can at the top and tumbled out on the counter two or three hundred two-dollar notes.

By this time the patrolman who had first come to my aid had returned with a patrol wagon. On it came the sergeant.

For all the imperturbability he had gathered in eighteen years of policing, the sergeant was unable to disguise his astonishment.

"Off post and telling the truth all on the first day on the force!" he bellowed.

"What's that—first day on the force?" asked the government man.

"That's right," said the sergeant, nodding at me.

"Well, the least that ought to be done is to promote *him?*" said the Secret Service operative.

"Humph—have to wait five years for that," growled the sergeant, "but they might put him in the Detective School if he keeps on like this."

I went back to my beat inflated—there's no denying it. I felt rather proud of myself and my achievements. Praised by the Secret Service and even complimented by the sergeant.

Besides, hadn't I done something—saved hundreds of persons from being swindled with these canned two-dollar bills. If police work is like this I'm for it forever. Put this and that together with your head and solve the most ingenious puzzle the smartest criminals can devise. That's really worth while!

I HAD to walk the beat quite a while before the fever of excitement died down. When I felt of my cheek I found it flushed. Could it be that I still was really enjoying this work that had been so irksome in the morning?

I felt vexed that I was such a weather cock—turning with the wind of circumstance as lightly as any steeple vane. Meanwhile the mechanical work of covering the beat and reporting at the boxes kept my muscles, if not my mind, occupied.

Soon I realized that my feet were getting tired. I halted here and there in a pretense of surveying the neighborhood. Probably those who saw me remarked, "What a vigilant cop," or something of that kind. What I was really doing, however, was lifting my weight first off one foot and then off the other.

Surely one man on the south side of Twenty-third street must have admired my poise or my stamina or my steady attention to that one block; at least twenty times I saw him come up out of his basement home and look over in my direction. The taxi chauffeur over opposite, on the south side of Thirty-fifth street, also kept his face turned toward my side of the street most of the time. He evidently wasn't watching for any fare. Must be on waiting time, I thought.

There were a few children on the sidewalks and more were arriving from minute to minute as they returned from various schools. It was about 3.15 and I was counting the minutes to relieving time. As I watched the kiddies I wished my feet felt as light and happy as theirs evidently were. How tickled I would be after relief just to sit down in the station and rest those feet on a chair or a table—the higher the better. But relief was a long time coming.

"Here, this won't do," I admonished myself. "You're not thinking of anything but your feet."

SUDDENLY I found diversion. The man from the basement came out and went over toward Tenth avenue. A few minutes later I noticed three hoodlums at that corner. They made faces at me and yelled "Rookie." Naturally I took after them. As they walked north in Tenth avenue I started to follow. I had gone only a few feet when sounds back in Thirty-fifth street attracted my attention. There was the unmistakable buzz of a starting motor.

Was I unduly suspicious to think that my leaving Thirty-fifth street had caused the activity? No telling! There was only one way to solve the problem. I walked back to the corner and glanced along the Thirty-fifth street block. What a change!

The cab that had been standing by the street's curb was still there, but instead of seeming dead, it was all alive. The engine was throbbing. The driver was leaning far over to the side watching a man who was half pushing, half carrying a schoolgirl into the cab. He strode behind her with his arms under her armpits and with one hand fast clasped across her mouth.

This was no time even to think. Without regard for my tired feet I started to sprint. Even as I began the hundred-yard run, the cab started up, the girl and the man by now inside. When the taxi was rolling away at twenty-five miles an hour I gave up in despair.

It was then I think that realization came to me that I was not merely a citizen trying to rescue an endangered girl, but was a policeman and in duty bound to stop that cab. The thought brought another idea—or rather two of them. My pistol and my whistle! Both came out on the instant, a hand for each. An attempt to aim at the cab showed it useless. Already it was turning the corner into the avenue. I caught just a flash of it beyond the corner building as it vanished northward.

So it was the whistle! I sounded it loud and shrill, again and again. Now I could see a blue figure coming on the run from two avenues to the east.

But what good would that do? I needed help of speedier kind. And as if my whistle had been a magic ring, there appeared instantly that which I needed. A flivver truck came pounding along with a load of iron bars sticking out behind. Waving the driver ahead, I leaped on his step and took up a pursuit that I realized was to be a hard one.

"Step on it," I cried and that youth fairly poured gas into the engine. He must have been a racing driver or

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else traffic must have been against our quarry as it sped northward on Ninth avenue. We were able to get to the avenue corner in time to see the taxi turn sharply left into the second street north. As we caught only a glimpse of the rear of the cab, I was quite sure that the kidnappers would believe they had turned without being seen. That fact, I am certain, was responsible for the next happening.

I did some hard thinking in the next few moments. I had found my chariot and my charioteer swift enough, so there was no need to change to any other car. While my driver made the curve into the avenue almost on two wheels I looked about, but saw no help within convenient reach. The patrolman who was running from the Eighth avenue end of the block was just getting into an auto well down the street. I decided to keep up the chase by myself and not to blow my whistle and so alarm the quarry. I couldn't see anyone who was in a position to act on a whistle signal if I gave it. So we spurted north at something like forty miles an hour and were in time to turn into Thirty-seventh street while the taxi was still in sight down the block.

We gave chase west full tilt and were careening after the now slowing cab when I was struck by a change in the situation. The cab was near the curb and that led my eye to a struggle that was going on there. The flashily dressed man whom I had seen pushing the girl into the cab and the chap I had seen peering at me over the basement coping in Thirty-fifth street were pulling the girl toward a dark archway opening into one of the great buildings that line Thirty-seventh street.

The chauffeur must have seen them at the same time I did, for without a word he slewed over to the curb and slowed a little as I leaped off at a point just short of the arch. I cried only the words, "Run that cab down!" and that alert truckman was off like a shot after the taxi.

Now I was at close quarters with the kidnappers at last, and I dashed straight at them. They had been behind the girl trying to stop her screams, but this obviously was no longer worth while. Both of them ran in front of her and the big man grabbed one of her hands as he shot headlong into the archway's dark depths. The little girl, now screaming for help, held back as well as she could against the terrific impetus of the forward jerk and just that little bit of resistance gave me a chance.

Coming up on the run, in the effort to catch one or both of the men before they could gain shelter in the building I put every ounce of my specially trained physique into a dash of a few yards. I was going like a sprint champion and the resulting impetus was so great that I could not make the sharp turn after the men into the building. My path was at right angles to theirs and because of my pace I must needs shoot by the arch before I could stop.

And when I did stop there were two surprises. First I had in my arm the little girl. In mid-flight I had instinctively snatched her from the big man's grasp as a rushing train grabs a mail bag from its standard at a rail-side station. Secondly, there was a hum past my ear—a bang in the dark recesses of the building back of the arch.

The fools were actually trying to drive off a New York policeman with bullets!

I turned in my tracks, threw the little girl against the building to protect her and began firing. Just in time I remembered my school instruction to keep cool in such emergencies. So I fired only when I was sure I had a good aim at a flash. There was nothing else to aim at, only blackness.

One! Two! Three! They were still firing. There came a veritable gust of lead, an automatic I thought. The flame stabbing into the darkness of the unlighted room was continuous. For two seconds afterward there were two sets of flashes—and then, suddenly, only one gun was left firing at me. I aimed close at the flash of this pistol and a cry was the answer to the shot.

With two cartridges still in my revolver I rushed the garrison—so to speak—and was surprised to meet no opposition. The smaller man—the one from the basement—lay asprawl on a great bale, wounded. The other stood with hands up, a jammed pistol lying useless at his feet. So that was what had stopped his shooting! The place was a waste-paper warehouse.

THERE'S not much more to tell. I handcuffed my second set of prisoners and, with the aid of another patrolman who arrived immediately afterward, went out and extricated the taxi chauffeur from a very efficiently wrecked cab. My truck driver had obeyed my order literally and had neatly knocked a wheel off the taxi with a side blow. The resulting skid had sent the cab into a telephone post.

The kidnapping, we found, had been part of a plot for revenge against a man of wealth who had given the police information about counterfeiting activities of some countrymen of his. Three of the gang had stolen the girl almost from her doorstep as she returned from school along her regular route, and only the fact that they had been too quick in starting up their motor before I was well around the corner had prevented their succeeding in the kidnapping.

As for me—it was time for relief, but I felt like a small boy just ordered to leave a party and go home. I didn't want to be relieved. I wanted to go right on. If this was what police work was to be like—service, saving and rescue—why I wanted more of it. I walked with chest thrown out to the patrol wagon that came for the prisoners.

Where was the man who in the morning had regretted having donned the uniform. Where was he?

I leave the answer to you.

Saving Vienna Police

POLICE in Vienna, Austria, had the unusual experience last year of having to thank a private citizen, a war-made-millionaire, for their ability to get uniforms and food.

When the city was in deep financial straits last year and the city authorities feared complete disintegration of the police force due to the cost of uniforms and food, and the terrific depreciation in their pay there came to the rescue Sigsumond Bosel, one of the few men in Austria who had been clever enough to realize that he could make a fortune by going into debt when crowns were going down and paying the debt after they had depreciated to a marked degree.

He made millions by this simple process and then showed his public spirit by going to the aid of the police and providing low-priced uniforms and food for them out of immense stocks he had bought on credit as a part of his campaign.

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The Blind Man's Honest "Pal"

Crippled Veteran of the Police Writes a Story That is no More Affecting than His Own

JUDGING the police prize story competition which closed in April, was not entirely a matter of reading stirring tales of adventure or laughable yarns of police mis-adventure.

There was also the pathetic touch. As witness the letter and story printed here and which were received as part of the competition. They stirred the hearts of all of those concerned with the judging.

The names of the retired policeman who tells the story and of his devoted daughter are not repeated for obvious reasons, but a reward equal to that received by most of the prize winners is to be forwarded to this crippled veteran of the force.

The letter, written by hand by the daughter, is self-explanatory. It reads:

"The following story is by my father, who was hurt in the performance of his duty and has been a cripple ever since. I have had to write for him because he cannot use his hands. I also sign his pension check every month.

"He was retired on a pension of $58.13 per month, a sum that today means a struggle to exist. He cannot stand or use his hands, and it is pitiful to see him suffer. But he is always happy, thank God. His story is as follows:

His Intuition Told Him Where the Lieutenant's Desk Was

The Call of Friendship

DISORDERLY conduct was the policeman's charge and the desk lieutenant noted it in taking the pedigree of a big, unwieldly prisoner. This pedigree read: John Brown, 33, white, born in the United States, single, no home.

The door-keeper had had to aid the patrolman in steering the chunky, red-faced prisoner through the ward-room door. It was a sticky August night in one of our old stations, with the whistling of the gas jets alone breaking the seemingly stifling silence.

In a minute the clanging of a cell door somewhere in the rear of the station house seemed to put a period to the case of John Brown, no home.

The lieutenant at the desk worked wearily over his sticky, stubborn books. He was making a record of some other momentous matter when there drifted in from the street the tap, tap, tap of an iron-shod cane on the pavement. Coming in through the open doors, the sound seemed to steadily draw nearer. Keeping time with it were shuffling footsteps that seemed to furnish the undertone to the tune the cane was playing.

Then there came an unevenness in the tapping of the cane, an odd scraping along the brown stone steps. Some one stumbled just below the door and a moment later a man walked uncertainly through the open doorway.

He was blind, feeble and ragged. His cane with its iron heel renewed its tap, tap—now a hollow sound as he reached the station house floor. By that intuition that only the blind know, he sensed the location of the desk and quickly felt his way to the rail. This he clutched eagerly, it being his one physical touch with that world that was all about him, but invisible.

The lieutenant watched him curiously.

"Have you a big fat man locked up here?" the visitor asked, turning his head from side to side in the broadcasting fashion that blind men employ.

"Sure," said the lieutenant; "want to bail him out." This was intended for a pleasantry, as the blind man certainly gave no indication of being wealthy.

He had, however, no time for pleasantries. What he said and said simply was the astonishing: "I want you to lock me up."

"Anything to oblige, but why?" queried the lieutenant.

"Jim's my pal, and I can't get along without him," was the answer. "I am Blind O'Neill, you know. He has been with me two years now and he's never robbed me yet. He's the only pal I've ever had who was on the level. But he hits the red stuff once in a while and I can't stop him.

"If I stay out without him I'll get run over or frisked and what will happen to me if he goes to the 'Island' for a couple of weeks."

The lieutenant looked at the man a long minute and then touched the bell. The same policeman who had arrested the fat man responded from the ward room.

"Bunch this case with the other," said the lieutenant, taking down O'Neill's pedigree while he was being searched.

As the sightless prisoner was being led away through the rear door to a dungeon that had no terrors for him as such the lieutenant finished out the entry with the words "disorderly conduct."

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That Great Police Power, Courtesy

All Over the Nation Praises Resound for Remarkable Achievement at the Democratic Convention

Convention Grateful to the Police

By the Chairman of the Democratic National Convention
U. S. Senator Thomas J. Walsh of Montana

"I THINK it but justice to say that it has never been my privilege to attend an affair that was so well policed as the recent Democratic Convention in New York.

"On all sides nothing was heard but the highest commendations for the efficiency and courtesy of the New York Department. It was remarked upon time and time again by out-of-town delegates that the police work, both inside and outside the Garden, could not be improved upon.

"I am sure that delegates returning to their homes carry nothing but the highest praises for Commissioner Enright's men.

"Several times during the convention I actually had to ask the police to be more severe—especially in separating arguing factions. A mere request resulted in such separations being effected in a highly courteous and efficient manner. Party peace as well as public peace was maintained by these men in blue.

"The entire nation, and the Democratic Party in particular, extend their heartfelt thanks to the New York Police for the excellent way in which order was maintained."

ALL over America in every political district from Puget Sound to Miami and from Calais to San Diego men and women are talking of the very remarkable lesson in police courtesy that was given by the men of the New York force in their handling of the recent Democratic National Convention.

Never before in the history of conventions has the character of the police guard or its behavior attracted the notice that this New York special detail drew in the seventeen hectic days of turmoil in Madison Square Garden.

So great was the impression made that the convention did what no convention ever had done before in the memory of the oldest convention hounds—namely, it staged a special demonstration in honor of its police guardians. Never before had an officer been called on the stage to be specially commended—as was Patrolman Monaghan—for his instant action in returning to a woman delegate a brooch valued at $1500 that she had lost on the floor of the hall. The five minutes of cheering that ensued was a tribute to him personally and to the police in general besides.

Never before had the policing of a convention district been so thorough and complete as to win the exceptional honor that was accorded the bluecoats of New York when, in the last hurried night of the convention, delegates from several states took pains to compliment the city that was their host and the men who had been in close contact with them as its representatives by naming for the Vice-Presidential nomination the Mayor of the city, John F. Hylan, and the Commissioner of Police, Richard E. Enright. Both of them received votes on the floor of the convention, the Mayor receiving the greater number. Just what part the efficiently organized police guard around the convention zone played in this cannot be told. But every one knew that all of the visitors were greatly impressed by the executive ability shown by the two officials of the city.

What the convention officially thought of the police guard is splendidly told in the foregoing by the chairman who presided throughout the hard fought sessions of the convention, United States Senator Thomas J. Walsh of Montana.

What the full effect of this remarkable demonstration of police courtesy will be through the nation cannot be told today. It is only known that in every corner of the land returned delegates are full of praises for the New York Police and of courtesy as a police asset.

Both the reporters and the editors of papers from every part of the country commented favorably on the police showing. Probably no police achievement outside of the capture of noted criminals has been better advertised.

Chicago, whose Mayor, Deever, was active in the convention and was at times suggested for one of the two nominations, is the first to start a courtesy race with the New York department. Mayor Deever's plan for having Chicago bluecoats trained as the New York men are is set forth elsewhere.

How many more cities will follow Chicago's lead?

No man can tell this as yet, but a suggestion is made in the editorial columns of this magazine this month that police forces that wish to win encomiums such as the New York force received for its special courtesy can utilize the well known principle of a drive and institute a courtesy week.

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The kindly police welcome to New York for the delegates was especially inspired by a direct order of Commissioner Enright's to the effect that the men surrounding the convention were to make every effort to make the delegates feel that they were warmly welcome and to guide their movements and to free them from annoyance.

For the benefit of other departments that may wish to achieve similar fame on the occasion of various conventions and other meetings this order is reprinted in the following.

It will be recalled that this magazine last month announced that the scheme for handling the convention crowds was the most ambitious police plan that had ever been formulated in an American city, calling as it did for the practical shutting off of fourteen busy city blocks to all casual traffic. How the plan worked out can be best told by those excellent eye-witnesses, the reporters.

The following accounts are fair excerpts from the columns of the New York newspapers of the days of the convention:

From the New York Times:

"The New York Police Department met the convention crowd test in a manner which elicited from many out-of-town visitors expressions of admiration. The hundreds of policemen thrown around the Garden performed their duties with a courtesy which drew smiles even from the thousands barred from getting anywhere near the Garden and which brought the thanks of the thousands who were ushered by policemen along the streets leading to the various entrances of the Garden.

"The zoning arrangement was carried out. In its operation there was none of the confusion which many business houses had predicted. All persons who were able to show that they had business in the restricted area were permitted to enter.

"An elaborate police system was in play, operating from the emergency convention precinct, opposite the main entrance to the Garden. These quarters were connected by telephone and telegraph with five police booths erected around the Garden.

"In the Convention Precinct Second Deputy Police Commissioner John Daly was in command. The uniformed men were under Inspector William Coleman. The 150 detectives were commanded by Inspector John D. Coughlin, Chief of the Detective Division. In his command were pickpocket sleuths, members of the Bomb Squad and special service men, most of them circulating in the Garden or among the crowds in the Garden neighborhood.

"Police Headquarters yesterday transmitted to the Convention Precinct these orders instructing policemen to be courteous and directing them how to inform applicants as to the whereabout of the various entrances to the Garden:

"'Good judgment will have to be exercised in passing persons who properly identify themselves through the police lines.

"'Each and every member of the force must understand that it is his duty to be courteous, to be civil and to be polite. The civility of a policeman increases his self respect and likewise increases the public's respect for him. Furnish information sought cheerfully. If it cannot be furnished readily, explain where it can be secured. Listen attentively to complaints. Get the point of view of the person making the complaint. If it is a wrong one, tell the person so in a civil manner and give the reasons.'

"Reporters who observed the work of the police found that these orders were strictly adhered to. Many delegates and other ticket holders, arriving in poor temper because of the heat, were made cheerful by quips from the policemen. Uniformed men were stationed outside the Garden at intervals of a few feet. As a ticket holder came along, he or she was ushered from one policeman to another toward the proper entrance, many of the policemen making it a point to send them in with a smile. In the Garden, other policemen exhibited similar hospitality.

"The result of the elaborate police arrangements was that the streets just outside the Garden were entirely free of congestion. The entrances were always clear while the convention was in session, and those who passed through these streets had no difficulty in getting along. Again, because the curious had been kept out of bounds, the arrival of celebrities such as Cardinal Hayes, Mayor Hylan and others did not cause any surging of crowds, for there were no crowds."

From the New York World:

"No one got through that group of police without proper authority. The result was that after the first brief delay at noon time the streets immediately adjoining the Garden were comparatively free from crowds and traffic. The few pedestrians there had business in mind. The few cars were either just bringing some one or taking some one away. The police effort was quite impressive.

"Police arrangements inside the Garden were as efficient as outside. A special squad of men was stationed so that there was a man in uniform at every point of vantage. In addition approximately thirty additional plain clothes men were circulating through the crowd. They were hardly needed. There was not a single arrest.

"'The best behaved big crowd I have ever seen,' was Inspector Coleman's comment."

Chicago Gets in Line

IN Chicago Mayor Deever, who was a delegate to the Democratic National Convention, announced a few days after his return that he proposed to bring the Chicago police up to the courteous standing of the New York department if he had to send the men to a special training school.

The Mayor was greatly impressed by the kindness and forbearance of the New York police under the strain of the convention proceedings and he declared that he would see that Chief Collins at once instituted measures to make his bluecoats as courteous and kindly as New York's.

"We are not going to let any city outdistance us in this sort of thing," said the Mayor. "We have just as fine a force as any in the country, and all they need is the training in 'Courtesy first' that the New Yorkers evidently have received."

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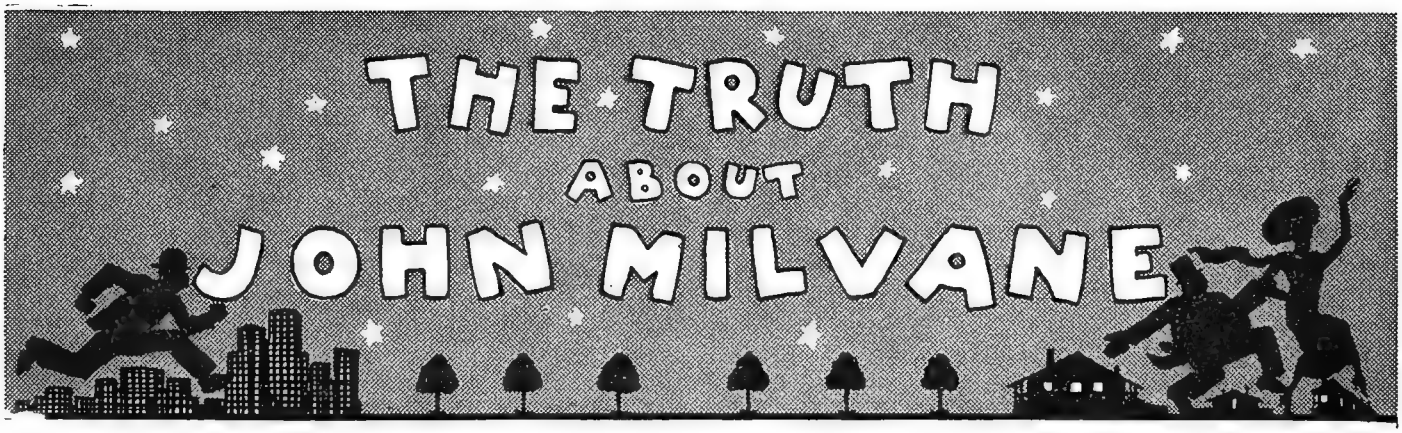

JOHN MILVANE was missing! No furore in the Metropolitan districts of Philadelphia and Baltimore over that! Yet a tremendous pother in the Main Line suburb of Katonville. The Main Line, you must know, is the cream line running out among Philadelphia suburbs. There live the Cadwalladers and the Biddles, and all their kith and kidney.

> There's more to the police business than ever you dreamt of in your philosophy, Horatio.—*With Apologies to Shakespeare.*

To them John Milvane was a personage. The largest reality owner in Katonville, he lived *en seigneur* on a widely-acred estate that had its high walls running afar over the swelling Chester county hills.

And John Milvane was missing!

It was as if one of the Quaker meeting houses had suddenly ceased to be. The break in the accustomed surroundings would not have seemed any greater to the matrons and misses who drove to the Main Line stations in the mornings to deliver their husbands to the club train and called again for them as for laundry or other packages every afternoon.

There's little to tell about why or when he was missed. One day he was in his accustomed haunts. The next day he was not. He drove his car to a train, left it standing under the porte-cochere and did not return. That was all.

His wife, sons and daughters had no clue to this action. The best informed citizens and Katonville's Chief of Police were equally at sea. There was a vast amount of talk and a vast amount of ignorance was revealed.

Not even the usual hint that he had been seen with such-and-such a woman, or that he might be in financial difficulty as a result of playing the races cropped out. Not even those who disliked this rather important-behaving old sportsman with the ruddy face, not even those who disliked him, we say, were prepared with an evil explanation for his vanishment.

The Chief of Police and a pair of private detectives tried to learn something, but failed signally. They suggested the newspapers, but Mrs. Milvane held up her hands in horror.

THE meeting house trustees found Milvane's accounts as treasurer in perfect order and then one of them, quite on his own, went to the Philadelphia police for help.

"Mrs. Milvane is sinking into a decline, one daughter is already ill from worry and the whole family is suffering from nerves," he said to the Detective Lieutenant in charge. "For God's sake see if you can't do something."

There was much, much more to the same effect and the Lieutenant was so affected that he decided to go out on the case himself when time served.

Five days elapsed and no headway. The Lieutenant had interviewed everyone he could find who knew John Milvane well. Finally, as a last cast, he asked where the man was accustomed to eat luncheon. Breakfast and dinner were taken at home, he knew.

Milvane had been accustomed, he found, to eat luncheon every day in the fashionable roadhouse of the town, the Pennsy Inn.

In a particular corner he always sat, attended by a particularly handsome waitress, so the manager said.

"May I talk to her?"

She's not here—she's been away ill for eight days now."

"Where's she live?"

Short that colloquoy was because the Lieutenant felt he at last had something suspicious to go on. Wasn't that what he had been looking for.

He had a grim smile on his lips as he walked down to the back yard of Katonville and there found the cottage of the waitress.

"Mama's upstairs sick," said a bright looking lad playing in the yard, "and pop's at the store. The doctor's here, though."

And in a moment the doctor came out, quickly to be buttonholed.

"Man, she's just getting over a light case of pneumonia —she's in no condition to be talked to. She's lucky to be alive after a week of this."

So the Lieutenant waited for her husband and through him learned that the waitress knew no more than that she was accustomed to serve Mr. Milvane and a Mr. Jennison of the Wynncote Jennisons.

BACK snapped the Lieutenant to Wynncote, there to interview Mr. Jennison. This man was very loath to talk. He held back something, the Lieutenant felt, even while professing every wish to help the police.

The Lieutenant felt as if he was fighting in the dark. There was something elusive about Mr. Jennison's parrying of his requests. So he decided to throw light into the dark recess in which they were struggling.

"You know, Mr. Jennison, there is no charge against your friend, we are only doing this for his family's sake. Remember that any information you give will be for his good and theirs. I promise you nothing will be done that will hurt him."

"You promise there will be no publicity?"

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"No harmful publicity—yes!"

"There now," thought the Lieutenant," I have turned on all the illumination. He knows now just where I stand. Let's see where he stands—is he friend or foe?"

Jennison's sharply etched face was a study in complexity. What seemed to be the first harbinger wrinkles of a smile of pleasure were struggling against the deeper cut furrows of anxiety and dread. Gradually the smile dawned through the clouds of worry.

"It may be that, that I can serve thee, friend," were his words, and the Lieutenant knew that the Quaker speech meant more than the suggested promise. Here was a man he could tie to.

"This is the third day. On the fifth day come to me and I shall hope to have word for thee. Perhaps there is a way to serve God and my friend in this matter that so touches his reputation."

So, on the fifth day of the ninth month as the Lieutenant assured himself by looking at a Quaker calendar, he betook himself to Wynncote.

Mr. Jennison, who it proved was *the* Jennison of Wynncote, gave greeting after the style of his fathers of the broad hats. Then—

"I have informed myself on your matter and though I do a good deed I must do it in darkness. None must know the hand that discloses this secret. Thy promise please that under no circumstances wilt thou reveal what has passed twixt thee and me."

The Lieutenant's hand went up in a familiar gesture.

"Nay, no oath," was Mr. Jennison's disclaimer, "thy pledge only."

It was, of course, readily given, and then the elderly Quaker unfolded the secret.

"My son," said he, "being more given to worldly things than I, belongs to a country club down on the flatlands that lie near Atlantic City. When thee asked for John I could not say where he might be, yet I was reminded that some months since he had asked my son for a card to this country club.

"Me thought he might be there, so I had my son telephone to the club and truly there is a man there on my son's card—but his name is not Milvane. Thee must do thine own inquiring into this. There stop at that club a James Milton and a Mrs. Milton. They are not known to my son and if they be whom I suspect, then thee hast a great and a fine task before thee. God speed thee on thy errand."

The Moonlight Flashed on the Lieutenant's Badge

RIGHT through Philadelphia without greater stop than was necessary to change trains went the Lieutenant. Far out on the fens, half a mile from the railway and even farther from the White Horse Pike that runs almost a runaway race to Atlantic City, lay a cozy, green-roofed clubhouse of that solid fieldstone that eastern Pennsylvania so affects. The white mortared outlines of the big stones shone out sharply in the moonlight as the Lieutenant approached.

There was gayety here. With Atlantic City just twenty minutes away this was just a semi-quiet retreat for those suffering from a distaste for the spotlight-like glare of the beach resort. And among those who eschewed the delights of the seaside for the lively quiet—so to speak—of the club were Mr. and Mrs. James Milton of New York.

A slightly ill-matched pair thought the other vacationists. Not exactly December and May, but November

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and July, to be charitable. The wife seemed obviously in the forties and she did not exactly fit with the other folk. Her ways seemed different, as a kindly one later explained it. They thought her antecedents might have been different. "Might have been" was emphasized by the kindly one.

Mrs. Milton was first pointed out to the Lieutenant. But his business was not with her and he sought on the outer porches an elderly man of aldermanic build with eyes protruberant almost to the point where "pop-eye" would apply. Such was the Milvane description. And there on the piazza, gazing toward Philadelphia across the low hills, was such a man.

"What are his thoughts?" was the Lieutenant's natural reflection. To this there was no answer.

"Mr. Milvane!" said the Lieutenant at the elbow of the leaning figure.

A slight tremor of the frame—as much as might be caused by one's starting to turn in answer to an address and then making a quick recovery. That was all. No recognition of the accurate impact of the query. No speech. The target was touched—but on the rim only. The bull's-eye remained to be made.

"Mr. Milvane!" Now certainty spoke in the Lieutenant's tones. This time not a flicker of so much as an eyelash told of the bolt landing home. "MR. Milvane!" This time command rang in the words. The Lieutenant touched the man on the shoulder.

"Speaking to me?" came back a tone forcedly calm.

"Sure, you're Mr. Milvane, aren't you?"

"Some mistake—my name's Milton," was the short-clipped reply as the man turned to the beauties of the moonlit night. Did he see them? That's a question.

"Mr. Milton then, if you say so, I have a message for you."

"Why I'm not expecting any message, my good man," said the aldermanic one, turning.

"Well, Mr. Milvane is"—and here the moonlight flashed with silver brightness on something that the flap of a lapel disclosed. It was almost directly before the eyes of the pudgy man, for the rangy Lieutenant towered well above him.

"I'm ruined!" was all John Milvane said as he sank down on a bench.

"Not yet, but you will be if you keep on trying to pull that Milton stuff," said the Lieutenant.

A dance had just begun inside so the interview on the veranda drew no attention. The music had almost run its spiralling course on the record before John Milvane was enough himself to ask:

"How'd you find me?" That was his great interest apparently.

"Just happened to recognize you from your description."

"All right, I'll come back in a day or two—from a business trip, you know."

"You will not. You go back with me tonight. No chance of your running off on another skylark—to China, perhaps!"

"I can't go back now. Have some things to attend to. Its impossible." He was gathering bravado as he resumed his authoritative character of Mr. Milvane of Katonville.

"Look here Milvane"—the aldermanic one stiffened under the threat in that un-mistered address—"I'm going to save my breath by shooting it all at you in one pre-digested tablet of speech. You are going back tonight—willing, or unwilling.

"Willing, you go to a forgiving family that has suffered enough by you. Unwilling, you go to jail. There's the Mann act"—Milvane made a swift gesture of denial—"and the blue-laws of New Jersey if it comes to a legal question. Now mind you, we don't give a continental what happens to you—it's your family we're thinking of. You can stick yourself in the mire and we'll rather enjoy seeing you get bogged, seeing what kind of a citizen you are.

"As to these things you say you have to do, one of them can be done quick. Go to that baggage who is with you"—at this the Lieutenant was rejoiced to see Mr. Milton-Milvane quiver like a bowl of jelly—"and tell her it is all off, all off, right this minute.

"If she says anything, just refer her to Lieutenant Kelliher of Philadelphia Police Headquarters. This is my office, now, right here where I can keep an eye on both doors.

"Now, mosey and let's catch the next electric back. Don't miss a train if you want to keep me in good humor. That's the whole string. 'All ready, set—go.'"

On the train returning Quaker-ward Lieutenant Kelliher asked only one question: "Did she make any trouble?"

Getting the answer, "None at all," Kelliher lost himself in thought. Here was he—returning a man from an unexplained absence—and without an explanation. "Business trip, bah!" said he.

IN Katonville—

The porch lights gleamed about John Milvane's house as if a party instead of a lodge of sorrow were being held within. Also illuminated for the benefit of a possible returning prodigal was Mr. Milvane's own room in the west wing, where it looked out on the peach-blow sunsets of that section of the Keystone State. Beside the cherry cannal-coal blaze in his grate, his favorite maroon slippers, his best-liked gray velvet dressing gown and his evening paper lay spread to the heat.

In her own room Mrs. Milvane was almost asleep—though that did not mean any great change from her generally half-dazed condition. Her nurse drowsed over a bit of sewing. "Keen," the Milvane police dog, lay apparently dozing on a century-old portrait of another dog done in crude spotty coloring on a rug of elliptical outline.

Zelle, the beautiful elder daughter, was trying to quiet twanging nerves by playing a lullaby on the piano downstairs. Frank, a son, was telephoning that he couldn't accept a golf invitation. Julia, the younger and the engaged daughter, was trying to compose a letter breaking the news of father's disappearance to her fiancee in the Adirondacks.

"Keen" bestirred himself suddenly and rushed down to the door—but without the customary growl.

Came a ring at the bell and a tall man in uniform ushered in John Milvane. Having come by auto they had escaped notice at the station—and the consequent publicity.

Stair and hall vibrated to the hastening feet as both the well and the ill hastened to the big living room. Even to bulky Katie, the cook, they gathered about the returned master.

"John, John, where have you been?" was the an-

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Radio-Police!

A Prophecy of 1925

By Marion Lee

(Reprinted from the Radio Magazine of August, 1925)

What Has Gone Before

This story of radio and police cooperation in 1925 begins on May 16 of that year, when four South Americans explode a bomb at the Pan-American building in Washington at the celebration over a disarmament treaty between the U. S. and Latin America. The dynamiters escape north in a big red English car about 11:20 a.m. and it is 12:30 before the newly-established National Police Bureau in Washington is able to broadcast their description Police alarms, under a new system, are sent to all outlying precincts and to motor police and state troopers every half hour. Kinkead, a Baltimore motorcycle cop, through a peculiar mixup helps the fugitives to get north, then learns by radio that they are wanted. He gives the alarm and Maryland State Troopers attempt to stop them at a Susquehanna bridge but fail. The fugitives hide in woods and repaint their red car black, leaving behind one Gen. Diego, slain by the state troopers' bullets. They are followed by southern Pennsylvania farmers who shoot down Garcia, a second member of the band. The car escapes with two men, Silva and Dominguez.

THE Southern Pennsylvania road on which the fugitives were now in full flight, so frightened as to be almost heedless of their former close watch for aeroplanes, is a new road. It parallels the Mason and Dixon line and runs straight west to historic Gettysburg through Shrewsbury and Hanover. It is still not much used and therefore is only slightly supplied with those necessary outposts of our new civilization—the wide based pumps for that "gas" which energizes the age of motors.

Consequently the two who were left of the bombers soon found themselves stranded with a dead motor—out of "gas." In this predicament they felt they faced quick capture unless some cure for their trouble should be found. While they debated in what manner they could help themselves their prayed-for cure rounded a curve behind them in the shape of a farmer bound for the Shrewsbury creamery with his milk. He was driving an ancient flivver, but ancient or not it must perforce contain that which they wished—the "petrol" of their speech. So the farmer's attention was suddenly divorced from the road and centred on two men and two pistols.

A few minutes later the black car was in motion again while the ancient flivver, lately so animated, stood inert in the middle of the road. The farmer, madder than he had been since the creamery lowered prices the year before, shook his fist at the swiftly vanishing car.

"They picked the wrong man this time, I'll tell the world," was his ejaculation as he cast about for methods of revenge. He had a radio and he was able to guess shrewdly who his despoilers were—also that any news of them would be avidly received by the police. He walked back a short distance to a farmhouse and tried to telephone, only to find that the wire was cut. This put him on his mettle.

"No dago murderers are going to rob me and get away with it," he told the farmer as he borrowed a car and hastened off. With the 'phone line cut and Shrewsbury still twenty miles away he figured that he could do nothing in that direction.

"Got to use my head a little now to outsmart that bunch," was his parting word as he whirled out of the farmyard into a north road. In two minutes he rushed into a little railroad station where the agent was baggage handler, telegrapher, ticket seller, janitor and what not.

The agent was across the road playing cards with a couple of cronies, and he would have put the farmer off. Only this man in his just anger was not to be denied. Besides he made nothing of telling the agent he was acting by authority of the President.

"What President?" asked the doubting station man.

"The President of the United States," was the breath-taking answer.

Galvanized into instant action, the telegrapher part of the combination man got the message through to Philadelphia at 2:25, with orders to 'phone it to police headquarters.

That done, the farmer sat down and smoked a cigar—exceedingly content with himself. "Cooked their goose, I'll tell the world," was his comforting remark as he told the story to a crowd that managed to assemble in this little hamlet that seemed not to have room for a crowd. When he had exhausted the possibilities in this recounting of his deeds, he set out to return the flivver, recapture his milk truck and resume his trip to Shrewsbury.

TWENTY miles to the northward from the state-line district in which the big black car had slipped away from the flivver-mounted farmers lies the smooth, speed-inviting floor of the Lincoln Highway—a sleek ribbon of cement that crosses Pennsylvania almost without a break in its continuity.

Here the uniforms of the Pennsylvania State Police fleck the landscape with black all the way from little

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Morrisville, on the Delaware, to Beaver, well beyond Pittsburgh. A strict patrol these men maintain on this, the state's great highway. But on the southern road that runs close to the Maryland state line there is practically not a man in black from the factoried Chester all the way to Gettysburg of the rolling hills. At the scene of Lee's defeat the southern road merges with the great modern highway to the Pacific.

With his post an undulating twenty-mile stretch west and south of York on two crossing roads, the Lincoln and the Baltimore highways, Sergeant Hassler of Pennsylvania's Guardians of the Road was regretful on that early May afternoon that things were so slack. Here he was, all set and expectant of excitement, and none seemed to be coming his way. He was a veteran of the force, a man who as a state trooper had ridden his way into many a strike-terrorized mining village and—at the risk of being potted from any of the tobacco-brown shacks, or from the overhanging hillsides for that matter—had carried the peace and majesty of the law into hamlets that for weeks had been ruled by rough and ready injustice.

Or again he had lain with his comrades of the gray out on the hillside above the warring steel town of Hammonsville and by close shooting at every puff of rifle smoke that jetted from the windows of the insurgent village and by superiority in marksmanship had gradually brought about subjection of the "reds" and the re-raising of the old banner of red and white and blue where for days had flown the bloody ensign of those who preferred chaos to order.

He and his kinsmen of the old organization had gradually transformed a great state from a kindling place for riot and revolution to an orderly industrial democracy hardly to be surpassed among the commonwealths in its observance of the traditions of American life. That mount-and-ride-away life had suited him well. Its stir and bustle had induced in him a febrile craving for excitement that still subsisted.

He often found time to regret that nowadays the most he could do to stir his pulses was send his steel steed along the concrete dancing-floor that they called a highway at an inspiriting sixty-five to seventy miles an hour. Or on occasion to stalk a moonshiner's cabin up in the rough hill country and with neatly placed shots puncture and empty the standing cans of corn liquor.

It was a slow life just now, he reflected, with the big cars nearly all back from their California winterings and the flood of tin-can tourists from Florida all back and distributed on their Pennsylvania and Ohio farms. There was only a trickle of business along the Lincoln Highway and the regular Decoration Day rush to Gettysburg was still far off.

Even the big things that were happening were passing him by, he felt. There was, for instance, this chase by radio from Washington that he had picked up on the twelve-thirty flash. Disappointingly enough, it was headed northeastward—and therefore away from him. The one o'clock flash had told that the red car was shooting toward Oxford and the east and that the airplanes were out. He had caught a glimpse of them to the south and to the east on two occasions when he had stopped for a moment on hilltops to survey the road and spot any scorchers of the highway who might be abroad. He had been on the alert for a possible sight of the Pan American Bombers since the original twelve o'clock flash had first told of the outrage. But he had despaired of getting a real thrill out of the affair. No such luck!

Still the one-thirty flash had definitely located the fugitive car as north of the Susquehanna bridge and headed westward. Vague hopes had begun to rise in Hassler's breast. He moved close to York, on the Baltimore-York pike, on the chance that the fugitives might have run up to Lancaster and turned westward through York.

"Oh, pshaw! what's the use. Nothing will happen," was his disgusted exclamation as he took station on Crag Hill, a far-seeing hilltop slightly south of the black chimneys of York, yet overlooking them. It was a famous outlook station on this Shrewsbury-Baltimore highway. And there Hassler watched the road preparatory to "sitting in" on the two o'clock flash. He had passed the word to the gasoline stations along the line to be out of gas if a big red English car came along, and now he meant to picket that road until he heard definitely some news of the raiders. His feeling, however, was remarkably like that of the farmer stricken by drought who discovers a storm-head of clouds forming off on a distant horizon and then with sinking heart watches the life-giving rainstorm drift far away along the furthest reaches of the landscape. Hassler thirsted for a chance at the bombers and yet they seemed perversely headed away from him.

HE was not alone in his eagerness. South of the State line, along the bumpity, jumpity roads between Castleton and Union Mills, the Maryland State Police were marshaling motorcycle and horse, machine guns and fast motor cars in the earnest hope that the fugitives might again turn their way. With long range rifles that had won service stripes in France, their men were stationed at strategic points in the passes of the hills to make sure that no car, no matter how speedy or strong, should again flout their uniform.

From northern Williamsport, hidden in its tree-denuded valley, and from upland Scranton of the coal mines all the way south to storied Gettysburg and stirring Chester the black units of the Pennsylvania state police were gradually converging over five hundred miles of road toward the points where the next appearance of the bombers was to be expected. Over all that vast territory in the land of the non-resistant Mennonites, in the drowsy communities of the Pennsylvania Dutch, around the great mill-towns between York and Easton and along the pikes and boulevards leading into the once Quaker city of Philadelphia, these men in black were swiftly but steadily improving their positions with a view to a possible eruption of the red car in their respective districts. Every man on the qui vive and highly expectant. Hope swelled high under many a dark coat that day.

THE two o'clock flash came and went with only the word that no trace of the bombers had been found and that the airplanes had gone as far west as Gettysburg—that was Lieutenant Hastings in his monoplane—and as far north as Harrisburg on the Susquehanna without discovering any traces of the raiders. This last search had been made by the Martin bombers from Fort Myer at Washington.

Both sets of planes had ben ordered to return over their respective routes with a view to ascertaining how

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and where the closely pursued motor car had "holed-in," as the fox-hunting farmers of that section would have said.

Sergeant Hassler himself mentally used that phrase. It was his delight when off duty to take out "Rusty," his old black and tan hound, and with the carbine of his horse days in the state police seek out the cunning Reynards of the York County hills.

Strictly though a farmer's land might be placarded with "Trespassing Forbidden" or "No Hunting Allowed" there was not a bit of woodland or acreage all roundabout that was not open to Sergeant Hassler. Nor a place where he was not welcome. Every farmer thereabout was keenly grateful for the way in which the sergeant kept the roads clear of tramps and drove off trespassing motor parties.

For the slow wait before the two-thirty flash should come Sergeant Hassler stuck to wind-swept Crag Hill. This was a favorite lookout of his, for it put a great sweep of country immediately under his eye. He could see stretches of this southern road to Baltimore almost as far as Shrewsbury, a dozen miles away. This was the little-white painted town where the east and west road that the bombers were known to have started on crossed the north and south highway on which his trembling machine stood. Trembling, yes—and barking, too, for the Sergeant had not shut down his engine since the twelve-thirty flash had shown the Pan-American dynamiters were on the north roads.

From this overlooking height he could also see important stretches of the Lincoln Highway both east and west of York and a little bit of hilltop on the north road from York to Harrisburg. He had often compared his position here to that of a hunter overlooking a tangle of deer runs and waiting for antlers to show in any one of them. Sometimes he had used it in actual hunting—waiting there while his old hound "Rusty" cast about in the bottoms beneath for the trail of Reynard.

It was while the Sergeant was mentally rejoicing in

He looked into the war face of a Navy monoplane.

his own acuteness in directing his hunt from this overseeing eyrie that time for the two-thirty flash came. The sergeant's portable set was giving him trouble that day, but despite that fact there was no mistaking the clear-cut tones of Philadelphia, which was in charge, now that the hunt had crossed the Mason and Dixon line into Pennsylvania.

> "Station PHP—Lieutenant Condit speaking. Everyone hold a minute for important bulletin. We have trace of the Pan-American bombers, but we want it to reach every Pennsylvania state policeman possible, especially to the west of us toward York and Gettysburg, and we are allowing one minute for all who are late to listen in."

"Every state policeman near York and Gettysburg!" Here was the thrill he was looking for. An anxious minute for Hassler, held there like a hound in leash with the fox within scenting distance and almost in view. He shut off his motor for the instant the better to hear.

And then came the starting word. There may have been difficulties in his receiver but, if so, the Sergeant was unconscious of them.

> "Station PHP—Police Headquarters, Philadelphia—Important bulletin for all Southern

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Pennsylvania and northern Maryland. Code word Baldface. No. Pineapple. Pan-American bombers have been twice reported within the hour and are now nearing Shrewsbury or Gettysburg going west on the southern Pennsylvania road. Car has been painted black in place of the red earlier reported, but can be distinguished by the New York license, the triangular radiator top and the two South Americans now left in it. Two members of the party have been killed by pursuers. Only Silva and the giant South American are left. Silva still wearing derby hat. All officers available concentrate on the road through Shrewsbury to Gettysburg and capture these men at all hazards. Station PHP——"

The signing off was left unheard in the air as Hassler leaped to his saddle and with desperate haste sent his motorcycle into action. It left Crag Hill with a droon of sound and in just ten minutes the echoes of its exhaust were deafening the folk of Shrewsbury.

Hassler's first thought was to take a careful look out along the road from the east on which the big black car was supposed to be coming. A darkey driving a mule hitched to a rickety wagon and a flivver coming in with a load of milk for the creamery were the only things visible. Without letting his motor stop he trundled his machine over to the big building where the sign "Livery" had been but half eclipsed by the newer "Garage."

"What you doing down this way, Sergeant?" was the greeting from the garage man. "Pretty well off your beat, aren't you?"

"Sure am, but there's nobody else on this Gettysburg road and I came here to cover it. We're looking for a big black English car."

"You mean the red car—we've been watching for it all day—they telephoned us from York."

"That's the car, but it's been painted black and it's headed for here. You seen or heard anything of it!"

"Black? Man alive!—we've let it go by. Big English car raced through here just five minutes ago—didn't stop for gas or anything. I thought there was something peculiar about it." But I was watching for that red car."

"All right, I'm off—get everyone you can and follow me," and Sergeant Hassler, his mind at peace now that his desires were met, calmly pedalled his machine into motion. He headed westward for the road to Gettysburg.

"Telephone ahead for them to hold them," he turned to cry as the exhaust began to crackle like the Fourth of July.

Schneider, the garage man, was running after him.

"Hey, sergeant—they didn't go that way—they went north to York."

Hassler thought he had heard amiss. He shut off the sputtering inferno under him.

"What's that again?"

"They went north to York, turned right here in front of my place and nearly upset Uncle Abe and his mule."

Hassler was puzzled. He knew Schneider to be a steady, reliable man, yet here he was telling of impossibilities.

"Then they must have turned and come back this way and gone west again. They never went north. I just came down the York road looking for them. Nary a car passed me either way." And he made as if to crank his red-coat steed again.

"No such thing!" cried Schneider. "I've been out here looking for those chaps ever since one o'clock. That car went north—and never came back. Hey, boys, tumble out!" was his shout to his men in the workroom behind. "Get out the speedster, they've got by us."

The men knew well enough what was wanted. All day they had heard of the chase. As they hurriedly groomed the old-time racer and piled into it Schneider and Hassler argued. And as they argued Shrewsbury folk gathered. Old Jed Prothy came up to reinforce Schneider.

"I sure saw a big black car shoot through here," said he, "and she never came back. None whatever! I have been on my porch all the time."

"It can't be," said Hassler, "unless maybe they've pulled into some side yard up the road and hid. If they have we'll land them. Come on!"

And the Sergeant started what was to be a long and impressive outpouring. Schneider called out to his townsfolk to follow and himself set his ancient racer in motion. Behind him as fast as they could gather, traveled bicycles, wagons, buggies, Fords, long motor cars, two motor trucks, and the local milkman's old Dobbin and wagon. Where once in this land of Civil War raids the hue and cry would have brought out men afoot and armed for the most part with army muskets this day's rally for law and order brought out only motorized or horse-drawn recruits. And the weapons displayed in every case except that of old Prothy—who had a shotgun—were pistols. Most of them were automatics and it was an exceedingly dangerous looking armada that set off up the north road toward York.

Hassler being on his machine, shot far ahead, but since he slowed down for every little turnout to examine the dust for tire tracks, the speeding Schneider was enabled to keep close to him. Separately they looked closely at every spot where a big car could have left the pike. There were many of these—house runs—little streets—and farm field turnouts—before they reached the end of the village, passed over the railway's unguarded grade crossing, and entered on what both of them knew to be a continuous stretch of straight road fenced or densely wooded on both sides for something like three miles before the first house would be reached.

Now the two pressed on their accelerators and presto! how the miles did roll back of them! A pace for seven league boots! Compulsorily they halted at the first habitation—the Ross farm—for there, with his motor-delivery wagon standing practically at right angles across the highway, stood Hugh Gibson, York feed merchant. He was gossiping with Ross and the two looked up in amazement as the anxious Hassler and the excited Schneider rolled up to them.

"Quick—move 'er out of the way—we're after that black car," shouted the irrepressible Schneider before the officer could explain his errand.

"What black car?" was the joint question from the two men. "We haven't seen any black car."

"Big English car with two Dagoes in it going sixty-seventy miles an hour."

"Say, what is this, a joke?" was Gibson's retort. Even as he spoke the first of the Shrewsbury entourage shot out of the woods, below the house, and came to a two-brake stop in front of the arguing men. Gibson

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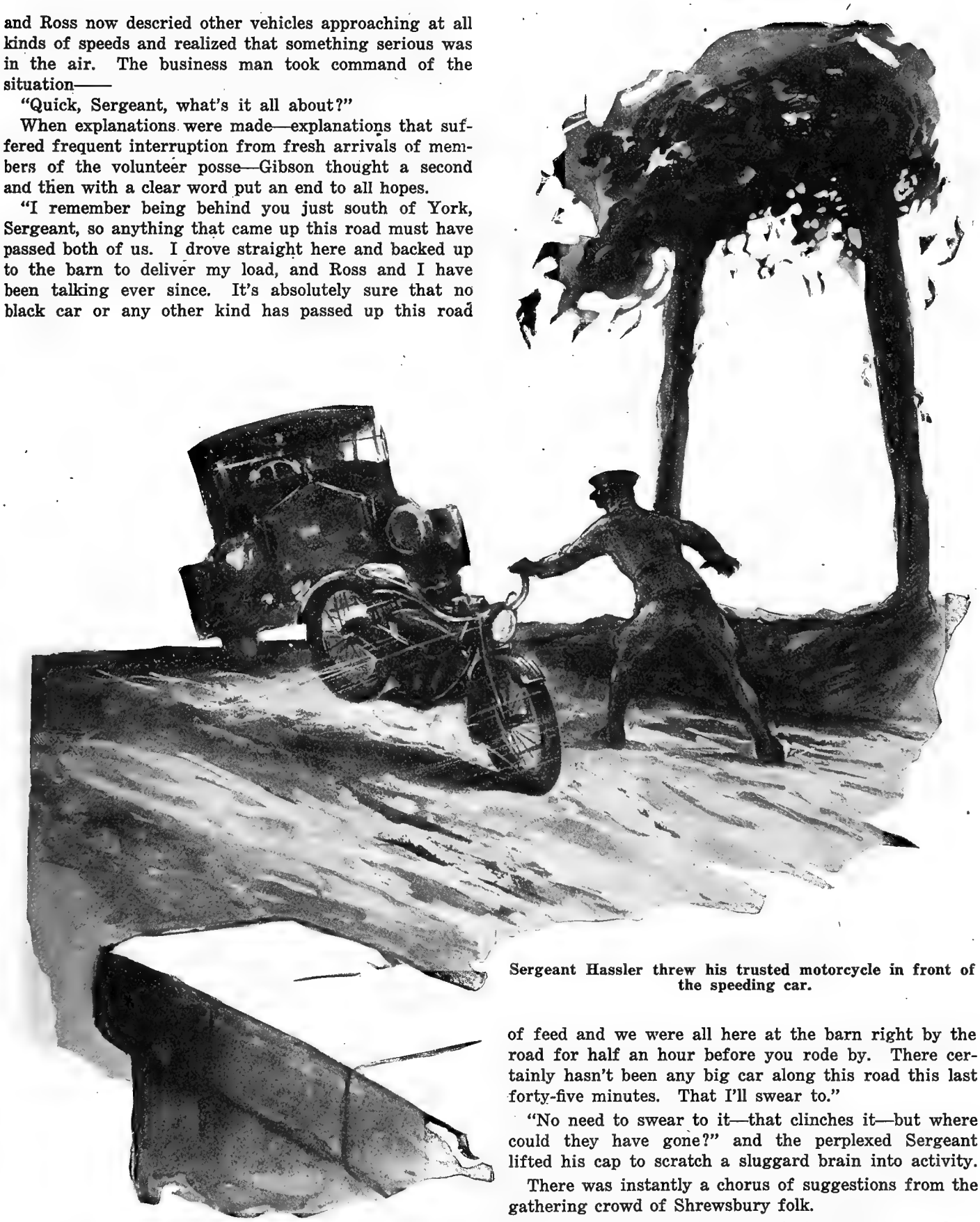
and Ross now descried other vehicles approaching at all kinds of speeds and realized that something serious was in the air. The business man took command of the situation——

"Quick, Sergeant, what's it all about?"

When explanations were made—explanations that suffered frequent interruption from fresh arrivals of members of the volunteer posse—Gibson thought a second and then with a clear word put an end to all hopes.

"I remember being behind you just south of York, Sergeant, so anything that came up this road must have passed both of us. I drove straight here and backed up to the barn to deliver my load, and Ross and I have been talking ever since. It's absolutely sure that no black car or any other kind has passed up this road since you and I left York—unless they turned off somewhere between here and York—in the woods or at some house."



Sergeant Hassler threw his trusted motorcycle in front of the speeding car.

"And I'm dead sure they didn't come up this road because I came down it myself without seeing a soul," confirmed the Sergeant.

"I remember seeing you go by," broke in Ross. "My men were working with me getting ready for the load of feed and we were all here at the barn right by the road for half an hour before you rode by. There certainly hasn't been any big car along this road this last forty-five minutes. That I'll swear to."

"No need to swear to it—that clinches it—but where could they have gone?" and the perplexed Sergeant lifted his cap to scratch a sluggard brain into activity.

There was instantly a chorus of suggestions from the gathering crowd of Shrewsbury folk.

"Met an airplane and went up in it. There was 'plane over here an hour ago," was one interposed theory.

"Doubled back through town," was another. To it Prothy and Schneider and one or two others who had been idling on the main road replied that the propounder of this theory was "crazy."

"Maybe they turned off som'eres and then brushed out their tracks so you couldn't catch it right away. What

(*Continued on page* 46)

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The Rangers Intervene

How Texas Trouble-Shooters Put a Sharp End to Lawlessness in the Oil-Boom Towns, Especially Mexia

By Craig Johnson, Brownsville, Tex.

HOW Law and Order came to Mexia, lawless oil-boom town, is a story of how the Texas Rangers, erstwhile suppressors of the train bandits and the cattle thieves of other days, have improved their methods and kept pace with modern developments. Oil is the most modern craze, so the Rangers cope with it in the most modern style. These "trouble shooters" of the oil frontier have had to "put the fear of the Lord," as they phrase it in Texas, into the hearts of many towns—the oil-boom roll in Texas is a long one. There were the affairs of Wichita Falls, Burkburnet, Ranger, Desdamona and Luling, to cite only a few. And that at Mexia was a climax to them all, yet typical of the way of the Rangers.

Heroes of the Plains

STORIES of the Canadian Mounted, soldiers of the snow, are legion. The movies celebrate their virtues on every screen. And deservedly!

But who sings the song of the Rangers, the Texas Rangers, soldiers of the sun. What movies make heroes of the Rangers. Their deeds equal those of the Royal Mounted—their word is law, as is that of the Mounted.

For proof read this story of a thousand pursuers of the black gold of the Southwest—and of one uplifted hand.

The histories of Texas oil-boom towns have strong resemblances—especially in their beginnings and in the happenings when the Rangers come. First there are sleepy towns on vast prairies. A wildcat oil outfit settles down on the landscape like the first mosquito on a shiny scalp. Another wildcat—then a dozen.

Then a metal rod down out of sight and sound in the bowels of the earth breaks through a limestone crust. A derrick of skeleton character suddenly becomes a fountain—a yellow black fountain.

"Oil!" is the cry—a cry that seems to be heard by ears hundreds of miles away.

First the flood of oil, then that of humanity. The next day the sleepy little town is overflowing with humans of every kind—and it keeps on overflowing.

IT is a far cry from the ancient cattle rustler to the bootlegging badman of a modern oil boom. But the same force that compelled the one to move on across the border and stay there has sent the other to a land where trouble does not stalk about in the form of a bronzed, grim, soft-spoken, hard-mouthed, cold-eyed man, wearing soft shirt and a slouch hat, carrying a big six-gun in one hand, an automatic in the other, and a dead shot with either.

Cattle rustlers and bandits of the old days, when the prairies were boundless and more than a thousand miles of border needed patrol gave the Ranger a hard job, but he did it. No less efficiently has he tackled an almost equally formidable task in driving out a veritable horde of vicious and depraved followers of the camps of modern industry.

The Texas Ranger is the only being of his own kind. There are other fine bodies of constabulary, such as the Mounted Police of northwest Canada and the state troopers of many commonwealths. Each is efficient in its own way, probably as efficient on the whole as the Ranger. But the Ranger has his own peculiar methods and, above all, his own especial traditions. It would be hard to find any other body of men in the world with higher ideals of individual self-sufficiency or personal courage.

It is against the Ranger's code to make any display of himself or to allow himself to be trapped into any loud outbursts of personal feeling. But, once he has entered upon a given course of conduct, he feels himself in honor bound to go through with it, and go through with it he will, so long as enough of him is left to go through with anything.

Many of his peculiarities may be traced, of course, to the origin of his service. In the beginning it was a purely spontaneous affair. When the desperadoes and cattle rustlers got so bad the decent people of the country could no longer endure them, the ranchers took matters into their own hands. They organized an informal constabulary, to which each rancher contributed the services of himself, or a son, or some trusted employe. Every member furnished his own mounts and equipment, and was more or less upon his own resources for campaigns that often lasted over months and extended over stretches of territory larger than the average American state.

Moreover, it was a hard and desperate enterprise, requiring superb physical strength, stamina and a courage that had to be proved. Operating often in bands of three or four and frequently against vastly superior odds, each separate group of Rangers had to know the qualities of every member. It was not a business where much could be taken on trust.

It was not enough that a man could ride well and shoot straight. He had to be a man who would stand shoulder to shoulder with you, or back to back, however hopeless the odds, and fight so long as there was strength to raise a hand or pull a trigger.

This voluntary organization of the Rangers dates as far back as 1835, when Texas was part of Mexico. From then until the Civil War these men gradually gained in organization and in some cases served as a paid force.

It was during the Civil War that the fame of the Texas Rangers was spread over the rest of the country by an organization called "Perry's Texas Rangers," one of the boldest of Confederate cavalry commands. It was formed of ex-rangers and at the beginning of the war numbered 1,100 men. Of these there were only about forty left when the organization was mustered out.

The upheaval in Texas caused by the war made necessary the organization of some definite force of law and

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order and the State Rangers as they remain today came into existence.

There were about 240 men in the corps and the number has not been greatly increased. Divided into six companies of forty each, they were scattered over the state or sent wherever the Governor wished. One of the original requirements was that a Ranger should be able to ride a horse seventy-five miles straightaway.

There has not been any great change in the character of the men or the arrangement of the organization except

"I Am Captain Hamer of the Rangers"

that due to the coming of the motor has changed their mode of transportation.

It is not easy for persons familiar with the crowded East to understand the gigantic proportions of the Rangers' task in the early days. They had a territory almost as large as Europe to pacify. It had long been a Mecca for the most desperate and lawless characters on the face of the globe. The murderer, the highwayman, the gambler, the undisciplined and the adventurous of the whole continent flocked there. When a person disappeared after some crime, the journalist of the 40's and 50's simply wrote the initials "G. T. T." at the end of his account, and everybody knew it meant "Gone to Texas."

Throughout that immense domain there were thousands of plateaus and valleys where whole armies could be hidden from observation.

Pitifully few the Rangers seemed for such a territory. But they simply divided up their force to the best practicable advantage and went to it. A "company" might often consist of only three or four men and rarely was much larger. Incredibly small detachments accomplished incredibly large undertakings.

When Captain Bill McDonald arrested a whole detachment of mutinous negro soldiers after the Brownsville riots, he was simply carrying out the unwritten law of the Ranger. People told him it was certain death to approach the terrorized and armed negroes. But Captain Bill rode into the reservation alone and bluntly said, "Boys, I want you." And he got them.

It was of this magnificent Ranger chieftain that Colonel Theodore Roosevelt said, "He would charge hell with a bucket of water." It might almost be taken as a motto for the entire service.

IN essentials the Rangers today are what they were then. The force has been brought to something like modern constabulary standards, but in character, morale and discipline it is pretty much what it always has been.

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For all ordinary uses it is a much more effective force than the militia. It is more compact and it has the confidence of the public. It is especially useful in handling riots and dealing with mobs. In the Galveston dock strike troubles it succeeded in quieting the city's unrest where martial law and the presence of militiamen had only stirred things up the more.

An oil boom, wherever it strikes, has much the same effect upon a community as the gold and silver booms of sixty years ago. It draws to that place all the adventurers who can get there, and that horde of harpies, male and female, which always flocks where money is plentiful and "easy."

MEXIA (pronounced May-HEE-ya) was a quiet country town of not to exceed 2,500 inhabitants when oil was discovered there. Within a short time it had grown to over 30,000. Houses could not be put up fast enough to accommodate the rush. Tents were thrown up, sheds were knocked together, the rudest imaginable shelters were contrived. Cook shacks and so-called restaurants sprang up everywhere, and fabulous prices were charged for food and drink, even for cold water.

Lease hounds, speculators, prospectors, get-rich-quick operators, gamblers, confidence men, honest men and thieves, card-sharks and demi-mondarnes descended on Mexia in a human tidal wave. Gambling houses operated without pretence of concealment. Liquor was sold openly across the bar.

The law was openly defied and law officers flouted when, indeed, they did not give up all show of resistance and join the general rush for the black gold. Decent folk appealed to Governor Neff for aid and he sent two investigators, who reported to him conditions that staggered his credulity.

Although they found crime and vice everywhere, they found two places where it had established capitals. One of these was an elaborate amusement plant, four miles from Mexia, in Freestone County, known as "The Winter Garden," and the other was a resort known as "The Chicken Farm."

IN the "Winter Garden," according to a report of General Jacob F. Wolters to the governor, were a roulette wheel, chuck-a-luck games, black-jack games, poker, stud and craps tables, a bar where intoxicants were openly served, a cafe and a cabaret, and all of them operated day and night. To protect the place from "hi-jackers," as oilfield bandits are called, an armed guard was maintained in the road outside.

The "Chicken Farm" was even more elaborate. I' had similar "amusements," but it also had an interior compartment of bullet-proof walls, pierced with loopholes. In this guards sat day and night in such position that their rifles could command the interior and all the approaches to the building. They could shoot down any intruder without risk to themselves. Incidentally, it was reported to the Governor that the land had been bought from a deputy sheriff for $750 an acre.

With these facts before him, Governor Neff simply told the Rangers to "go down to Mexia and clean the place up." They acted with customary speed and precision.

On a certain day, two automobile loads of them left Austin, going north, and three other cars left Wichita Falls, going south. They arrived at a rendezvous near Mexia—twenty-two men in all, including General Bar-

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ton and two federal officers—and divided into two parties. Eleven P. M. was set for a simultaneous assault upon the "Winter Garden" and the "Chicken Farm."

AT that moment the merriment was at its highest. Both places were thronged and the guards were at their appointed stations. Promptly at the time set two or three men wearing broad sombreros stepped into each doorway.

A tall, bronzed, muscular man, clean-shaven, with pistols at his belt, but undrawn, stepped into the center of the main room and raised his hand for silence.

"Ladies and gentlemen," the one at the Winter Garden said, "I am Captain Frank Hamer of the Rangers, and I regret to inform you—all that you are under arrest."

That was all. It was indeed the only thing necessary. If the Rangers were there, of course, there was nothing to do but submit.

So the mighty citadels that had been designed to resist any violence and had been carefully placed with a view to safety from raids fell without the firing of a shot. It was less exciting than many a "booze" raid in eastern cities. All because the reputation of the Rangers was such that none even thought to lift a finger against them.

The crowds lined up wherever and whenever they were told. The guards came sheepishly out of their nests and turned over their weapons. Both places were captured, the gambling paraphernalia and 165 gallons of booze were confiscated, and not a prisoner escaped.

FOR two days twenty Rangers remained in charge of Mexia's 30,000 people and ruled them with a hand that was both gentle and firm. Almost hourly they rounded up new criminals, until at last they had no place big enough to hold them. They were handicapped, too, by lack of search warrants.

At their suggestion, the Governor proclaimed martial law. A company of soldiers was sent in and the Winter Garden was turned into a military prison, the militia men guarding there all persons the Rangers brought in.

Once the city had been cleaned up the Rangers turned their attention to the surrounding country. Dashing out in automobile parties, they swept the neighborhood, confiscating moonshine plants and capturing prisoners and liquor. With martial law supporting them, they had a free hand. Later they used an airplane to hunt out other stills.

When they finished their job, it was found that the Rangers had arrested 602 persons, captured 27 stills, with 2,270 gallons of liquor and 215 barrels of corn mash, had confiscated 13 automobiles, recovered 5 stolen automobiles, seized narcotics worth $4,000 and gambling paraphernalia worth $5,000. Far more important, they had driven 5,000 undesirables out of Mexia.

Within exactly thirty days from the time of their arrival Mexia was as orderly and well governed as any city in the entire country. The Governor promptly annulled his proclamation of martial law, the soldiers were withdrawn, and the Rangers were ready for a new job.

How well the Rangers were supported in their work is shown by the fact that the grand juries of two counties indicted every person the Rangers arrested. And since that time there has been no trouble over oil booms in Texas.

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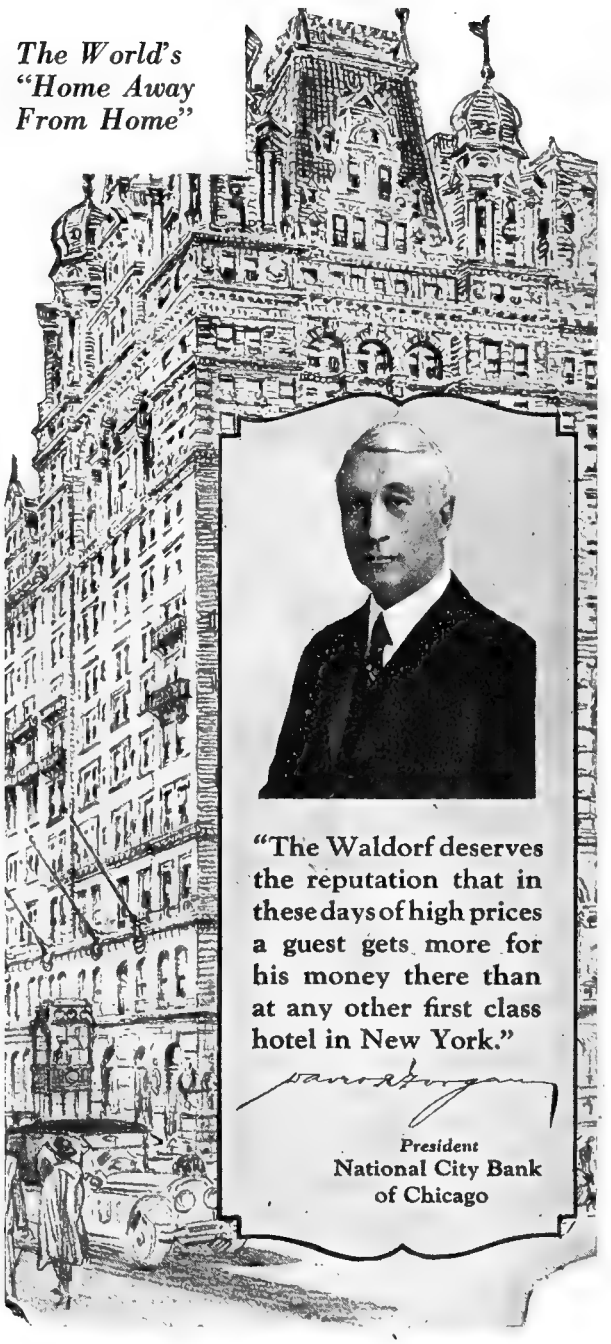

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Radio---Police!

(*Continued from page* 41)

say we all go back and search all the ways up all the farm roads and turn outs—ain't none of 'em very long."

Instant action was necessary if any success was to be obtained, so Hassler decided to try out this one promising suggestion.

The crowd, augmented by Ross and Gibson, turned about with much difficulty behind Hassler and tailed out behind him as he sped back along his tracks. Detailing three men at a time to thoroughly search each side road Hassler went with them far enough to make certain in his own mind in each case that the quarry had not sought that particular refuge. So, eliminating one turnout after another, he came at last back to Schneider's place. And still no trace of the men they sought!

"CAN you beat it?" was the Sergeant's expressive remark as he hurried into the garage to telephone for reinforcements. "A big car and two men can't just vanish into thin air like the Arabian Nights."

"Mighty foxy thing, getting away like that," was Schneider's rejoinder.

"Foxy?" The word struck fire in Hassler's fox-hunting mind. "Foxy!"

"By jingo!—I've got it," he shouted, and without more ado turned his headlight northward and sped away. "Follow me," was his cry. The old racer was turned after him and the two zigzagged back and forth, dodging their own incoming retinue, as they shot out of town and over the railroad crossing. Hassler came to a slowing halt at the new concrete bridge that spanned North Creek. Already he had crossed it twice. Here the old road's descent to the long unused ford was a sharp declivity of shale on which he and Schneider and half a dozen volunteer helpers sought in vain for any recent imprint.

Though baffled by this ill-success, Hassler, as persistent of purpose as ever any policeman was, slipped and slid down to the creek bottom and there sought traces of a big car turning out into the stream.

"That's what a fox would do to hide the scent and trail," he said to the admiring yet doubting Schneider. "Perhaps these fellows played that same trick."

But there was no trace. Schneider, by pointing silently to big boulders in the creek-bed, made it obvious that no car could have escaped by that route. Hassler halted on the opposite side of the ford, after crossing on the stepping stones. He felt well at sea. His cap came off, his fingers meditatively massaged his scalp. His gaze was far, far off as he tilted back his head and, in utter perplexity, wondered what he could possibly do next.

Here he was, the nearest officer on the trail—but where was the trail? His skyward gaze suddenly focussed. There in plain sight above and back a little along the road was the simply worded white and black of a railway sign:

"Beware of the Cars."

The unguarded crossing gave a fresh impetus to his fox-hunting inspiration, and he ran up to the tracks. There followed him many doubting Thomases and a few who thought this last desperate cast might land something. To the eastward of the highway the railroad ran over a trestle that crossed North Creek and Hassler, who by now was full of the idea that the fugitives must have taken to the rough riding of the railway tracks, immediately discarded the east as the side toward which they might have turned. He ran out on the ties a rod

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or more to the westward and then stooped in close examination of the cindery roadbed and the rough-hewn locust ties.

In a second the view-halloo of the country fox hunt was sounding from his throat and a new kind of fox hunt was on—with all the pack ready for the dash after a Reynard of steel and rubber.

Hassler started back to mount his motorcycle, evidently planning to ride the sidepath, but a shout from Schneider stopped him for the second time that day.

"The three-ten!—she's due in a few minutes," was his shout of warning of the coming of the east-bound combination passenger and freight train from Gettysburg.

"They'll be killed sure," added the garage man. "All we've got to look for is the bodies. On this crooked road they'd never be able to see the train until they ran into it."

"I don't know," said the thinking Hassler, "that railroad comes out on the Gettysburg highway in about two miles—makes a short cut across the angle of the roads—and these fellows have made three getaways today. I'm not going to take any chance of their getting away again. I'm going around by the highway and get ahead of them or overtake them if they're ahead of me. A posse of you fellows go walk along that track all the way to Gettysburg road and I'll go round by the road. They're pretty smart to throw us off and double back like that, but we're just as smart. We'll get them now."

He was off with both the speed and the sound of a shot, and as he turned the corner in Shrewsbury into the Gettysburg road Schneider could see him lifting his revolver out of his holster and sticking it forward at the point in his right hand. With admiration for the man who could make such a turn at such a speed with only one hand on the bars Schneider took after him. The posse meanwhile started along the track side on the grass-grown path, although with much circumspection of movement. Either a speeding train or two desperate criminals might be flushed at any minute.

HASSLER, headed due west on the road to Gettysburg, reached the other railroad crossing within four minutes. Pursuant to his plan of making sure that he must either get ahead of the fugitives or chase them down, he pressed on the accelerator and shot his red-coated space-destroyer to the west.

At the first roadside store he reached he learned that having been back in the feed department, the storekeeper did not know whether a big car had passed or no. Hassler told the storekeeper that if the big black car should come up he was to say he was out of gas and so hold the fugitives.

The motorcyclist himself sped on in the hope of finding some one who had been watching the road and therefore could tell whether the big car had gone by. At the end of a two-mile dash he came across the very group he sought. Seated wilted and disconsolate in a stalled flivver at the roadside was a farmer's wife and draped inartistically about the rear wheel was her perspiring husband wrestling with a refractory tire. They both gave emphatic assurance that they had been there an hour and that no strange car had passed in that time.

"Bottled at last, by jingo," was Hassler's exclamation. The farmer and his wife looked up to ask him what he meant—only to find that he was already gone. His exhaust sounded joyous pæans in his ears as he headed back eastward. Now he had the bombers in a three-sided trap. The posse on the railroad, the other men

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whom he had instructed to hold the crossroads in Shrewsbury and himself made the three sides of it. He felt the fugitives could not again escape, and he rode with special care, lest the big car come on him unaware.

As he rode he felt the grateful noise of his proceeding overborne by a greater sound. So he stopped on a hill-top of the road to learn what the new reverberations might be. Even as he stopped there flew overhead and past him Lieutenant Hastings' plane bound east on its return trip from Gettysburg. So its whirring motors had caused the overwhelming sound.

Hassler waved to the young man in the white topped cap whom he could just see in the observer's seat—and he pointed straight ahead. Hastings, too, pointed dead ahead, showing that he understood. The plane immediately slowed down.

It was with a little envy that Hassler watched the plane. "Here I have them pocketed and that fellow can sail right along and maybe capture them! My! I wish we had something like that. I'd have had them before this."

He stood a second in bitter reflection that his work might all come to naught and he be left unthrilled. As he stood he thought he saw the very thing that he feared beginning to happen. A mile or so ahead of him, on the crest of a hill, stood the general store and gas station at which he had left his warning. The plane was now just over this store apparently, and precisely at the moment of its passing over the dimly seen roof he saw the saucy monoplane suddenly dive toward the earth. A moment more and he heard a crackling as of machine guns.

He started to mount and ride into the new fray—and would have done so had not some policeman's instinct within him warned him to watch and wait.

WHAT Sergeant Hassler saw and heard was the brief chronicle of a tragedy. Up on the hilltop that Hassler was watching the storekeeper had kept on the lookout for the big black English car, and in addition had put a lock on his gasoline pump across the wide plaza the road made here. He meant to hold the car against Hassler's return.

Sixty years had passed since the men of his district had had to meet forces other than those of subtlety and deceit. Therefore he was all unprepared for what happened when the big black car did slide up, fresh from its diagonal 'cross country run over railroad ties to the road to Hanover and Gettysburg. With the compulsorily contributed gas from the dairyman beyond Shrewsbury the big car had come so far handily, but the shrewd Silva knew that they could never speed through to any safety unless he could get a large supply of that essence of motion that he saw was sold by this wayside merchant.

Silva had no thought that the man had been warned. He could see there was no radio antenna reaching out from the store's square top. And he believed that if any pursuit was being made it was by this time well on the way to York on the road north from Shrewsbury. Therefore he ran up alongside the flame-red machine on his own north side of the road and boldly called across for "gas."

The storekeeper, sitting on his porch with all the idleness of one of his own crackerbox politician customers, shook his head and shouted that he was out of gas. Instantly Silva understood! Had he not been

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hearing that suggestion sent out through the air all day. Long hours ago he had made up his mind how to meet a refusal to sell that one commodity that was essential to his escape. He had decided that if he still possessed a fair amount of gas when such an emergency arose he would simply drive on and thereby fool the crazy men who thought thus to trap him. But now he was almost out of gas and the big car had a vast appetite for this child of Pennsylvania—gasoline.

Therefore Silva was forced to the alternative move he had thought out as he drove along—a move he had thoroughly rehearsed with Dominguez, his remaining giant companion. Here was a lonely store with only one man in sight—nowhere would they find a better situation for the maneuver they planned.

"Pronto," said Silva to Dominguez. And the big man stepped from the car on the left side and walked nonchalantly across the rather wide plaza in front of the store to the porch. Here he opened his mouth in speech, but his words were of no moment, for at the same instant he flashed what the surprised merchant knew to be an automatic. After the new fashion he had learned in the movies, the man held it close to the hip and aimed at the merchant's body.

"Gas!" was all he said.

"No gas"—the merchant would try parleying. He was willing to concede so much of risk to his duty as a law-abiding citizen.

"You unlock—I see," was all that was said, but there was a flash in the dark eyes that was like heat lightning. It told more than the words.

The merchant crossed the hundred feet or more between store and pump at as deliberate a pace as possible, with Dominguez walking a fair distance behind him—automatic in hand. The storekeeper revolved the chances of the automatic jamming—of his getting away from the two men—and decided they were not worth taking. Silva now was turning in his driver's seat and adding the compulsion of another pistol. The merchant unlocked the gas pump and was then told to turn the handle. Instantly gas spouted from the dangling nozzle.

Silva was electrified into amazing activity. He made the unwilling seller of "gas" thrust the spout into the tank opening at the rear of his car and start pumping. Dominguez he motioned to. And at his sign the giant moved out into the middle of the road, where he could guard against surprise, as well as keep their victim "covered."

The two swarthy fugitives were intent on watching their unwilling servitor. Snap, snap, snap, the recorder moved to five gallons, and the merchant looked up as if to say "That all?" Silva, with a motion of his pistoled hand upward, ordered continuance of the pumping. The merchant let the cogged rod slide back to zero and began again his purposely slow cranking. He was still clumsier about it than he had been before—a hope had risen in his mind.

Like the explosion of a bombshell interruption came. Dominguez, keeping his pistol aimed at the storekeeper over there by the car forty feet to the westward of him, cast an eye about from time to time for possible aggressors. He was rejoicing that he had seen no one and that the second five gallons was going into the tank. Then from the corner of his eye in one of his swift glances he caught sight of something strange.

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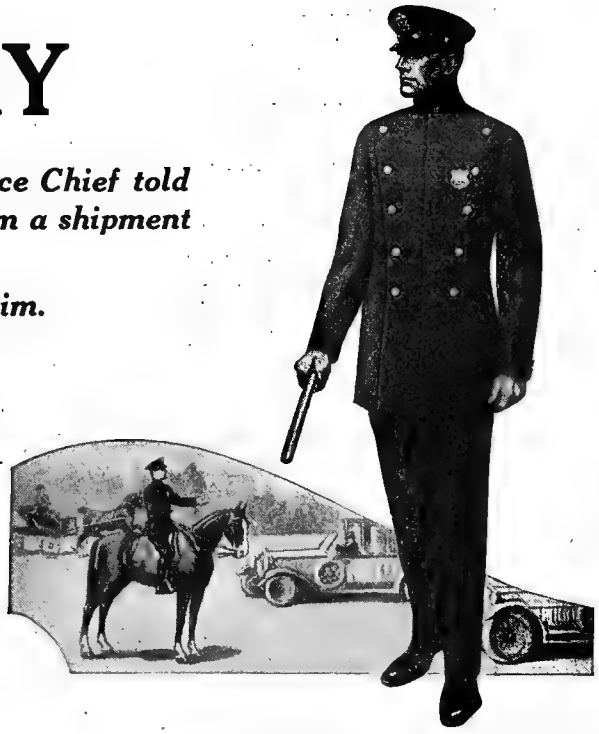

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mind registered it as a cloud shadow—but then something about it made him look again. It was moving far too fast for a cloud shadow on this windless day. He looked up—and there it was—the cause of the shadow!

He was not a man of great nerve and his pistol dropped from unstrung fingers as he looked straight into the war face of a navy monoplane coming sliding unengined down an invisible air grade straight into the plaza in which he stood.

With the warning of previous events that day in his mind he had kept as close to the car as was possible, and had kept in mind the possible need for catching it. Therefore almost simultaneously with his glance at Lieutenant Hastings' 'plane he started forward for the car.

Again Silva had been almost quicker than thought. The car was under way and gathering momentum when Dominguez made his first step. Just beyond the car, a few dozen yards, to his utter dumbfoundment, the little monoplane was just about to touch ground. It was coming on with the speed of light, as it seemed to him. In one of those flashes that illuminate the minds of the dullest of us in great emergencies, Dominguez realized that he could not catch the car, since the monoplane would reach the road and intercept him before he could make the steadily widening distance to the automobile. He and the monoplane would come together before he could possibly get near Silva. There was only one thing to do and that was—turn and run!

Wildly, blindly, the man turned and shot away. Even as he stirred his legs into the unaccustomed movement he heard the soft thud and bounce of springs as the running gear of the monoplane took earth. His mind did what every untrained, panic-stricken mind does—it directed him into what open space there was in front of him. Down the plaza he sped eastward as Silva and the big car went westward. The monoplane was coming eastward also behind him, and in a second, regaining some control of his faculties, Dominguez attempted to get out of what he thought must be its path by veering sharply to the left. He leaped diagonally to that side and started off on a new track. A noise behind him electrified him into tremendous effort. And that was the last fact of which this giant South American was to be cognizant in this world of strife and war.

His sidewise leap threw him directly into the path of the taxiing plane—now rolling along at forty miles an hour and with propeller idly spinning in the wind. Let it be hoped that the propeller brought death quickly. The navy lieutenants, who, on sighting the big car, had shut off power and volplaned down to the plaza with the intent of capturing the fugitives, had had no thought of the sickening lurch their plane was to give there in the peaceful plaza as their unplanned and unhappy pursuit of Dominguez ended.

These were men of the navy and therefore quick to regain their composure, shaken though it had been. Before the plane stopped its taxi journey along the plaza's length, the lieutenants were signalling to the storekeeper to come and help turn their machine about, that they might take after Silva in the speedy car.

The merchant first gave a moment's pause to stooping in the plaza. Rising, he made a sign. And when he and Lieutenant Hastings wheeled the little plane about they took pains to head it westward along a path different from that it had pursued in landing. Thus

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they avoided that which they no longer wished to think of.

Before his companion should start the roaring mechanism anew, Lieutenant Hastings exchanged just a word with the storekeeper.

"Only one man in that car now?"

"That's all—and you can catch him. He can't turn off much anywhere without you seeing where he goes—road's all open at the crossings. Man! you lit in just the nick o' time. How come you dropped down like a sword of judgment that way?"

"Been hunting for him all day and just spotted him holding you up. Couldn't make out what he was doing until we got close, of course, but we stopped the engine and slid down on him so quick we almost got him—and we did get the other fellow."

"Bye-bye—good hunting!" shouted the merchant as Hastings twisted the big propeller into reverberant activity.

SILVA knew well enough that the airplane would turn to pursue him so he planned to make the first possible turn into the first possible hiding place. His mind was busily preparing against various emergencies when the need of plans suddenly passed. An emergency he hadn't thought of was close upon him.

Sweeping at fifty miles an hour over a hill, he saw ahead a man in uniform standing beside a motorcycle. There was a shu-u-sh of "gas" as Silva's foot automatically descended on the pedal. The policeman was in the road—so much the worse for him. He was leveling his pistol full at the ron-rushing monster. There was smoke spitting from it. One couldn't hear the reports above the tremendous firing of the opened cut-out.

Silva was not to be stopped this day. He pressed deeper on the pedal. Where the bullets were landing in the big car mattered not to him so long as the on-rush continued.

Then—flash! It happened!

With his pistol emptied and his opponent both unwounded and undaunted, Hassler was at his wit's end—for just the fourth part of a second.

In that instant he leaped backward—at the same time throwing his pet standby—his motorcycle—full in front of Silva's speeding car. His back was turned in his flight to the roadside trees when he heard the crash—the grind—the smash of a terrific impact.

When he looked again the big black car was a car no more. Tilted on one side when its left front wheel hit the motorcycle, it had been thrown out of control and then had been literally doubled up into a tangled, interlocked mass of junk by rushing head-on against the stone abutment of a bridge that here spanned a small stream.

As to the bold Silva—why ask of him?

MORAL: The Director of the National Police Bureau, which was established in January, 1925, under an authorization that was among the very first acts of Congress in December, 1924, soon reported to the President. What he said was:

"This Bureau has afforded the many state and municipal police forces such interstate cooperation as to enable them to successfully cope with the recently greatly increased interstate operations of criminals. The exchange of information and fingerprints has resulted in

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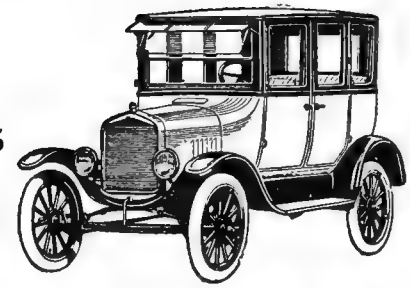

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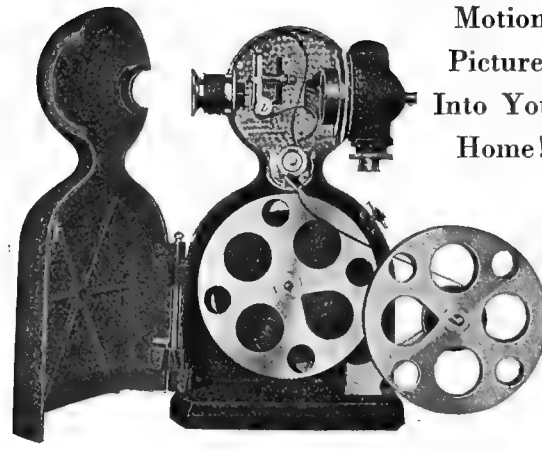

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four months in the arrest of sixty-eight criminals who were adventuring in new fields and were unaware that the police all over the country are now kept advised of their records, descriptions, methods and fingerprints just as well as were the police of their home cities under the non-co-operating system.

"The addition to the Bureau's central office work of the radio dispatching every half an hour of police alarms—similar to those sent out from the large cities of the country at the same time—resulted within the last month in attracting public attention to the sensational case of the Pan-American bombers. In that instance it was proved that the use of radio enabled the police of three jurisdictions to overcome what was originally a handicap. This was the possession by fugitives from justice of one of the highest-powered of motor cars and its operation at the greatest possible speed. Radio enabled the police to anticipate them to such an extent that capture would have been inevitable had not death intervened to avert it.

"The Director submits that this achievement alone has entirely justified the establishment of the Bureau, although the other sixty-eight cases actually have been of more importance to the public weal—since they removed from their newly chosen scenes of activity as many professional criminals who had been steadily preying on the people.

"The use of radio for police intercommunication at stated periods is rapidly spreading, and it is to be expected it will be in general use in all towns and within a few months more.

"The details of the Pan-American bombing case are well known, but the Director does wish to call attention to the fact that the explosion occurred at 11.46 in the morning, the dynamiters having previously fled about 11.30, and that the last of them was killed by the cool act of a Pennsylvania state policeman in Hanover County, that state, at 3.27 that afternoon. The time that elapsed after the explosion was less than four hours."

The End.

Police Chief's Dog Their Hoodoo

PICKING up a police chief's dog was a fatal error for two young New Yorkers who were driving into New England in a sedan automobile a few days ago.

In Stamford a motorcycle policeman rode up when the men stopped to fix a tire. The automobilists immediately attempted to make off with their flat tire. The policeman fired a shot after the machine and so brought it to a halt. He had noticed the men because of a large white dog which occupied the middle of the seat between the two young men.

"Where are you taking the chief's dog?" he asked. He had recognized the animal as belonging to his commander and had naturally become curious. The motorists explained that the dog had seemed tired and that from pure kind-heartedness they had picked it up and given it a ride. "In a car the New York police are looking for," finished the officer, who had been examining the sedan.

The alarm for the car had been sent out from New York police headquarters by radio just two hours before.

New York detectives brought the young men back to answer to a charge of grand larceny made by the car's owner. It had been stolen just two nights earlier.

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The Quest for the Magazine Cover Girl

(*Continued from page* 18)

"From my old boss—told him what I needed—everything except who it was I was after."

"Very good, work the crooks and bring me back a lump of heavy lead for that Mental Blackjack I told you about."

WHEN O'Day, still scratching his head in perplexity over the Santa Claus-Mental Blackjack combination, was about to leave with Brenner, Captain Raye recalled them.

"Just a minute. I want to explain to you that I want some speed in this case. O'Day, you and your partner can go out on any clews Brenner may turn up. You can arrange that between yourselves. Just bring me back the completed job and I'll be satisfied."

"Now about the speed. We want this girl by Christmas!" and a white knuckled hand cracked on the desk.

"Besides, the honor of the Department is at stake. One of these Private Investigator Sherlocks is working on this case and he has a warm clew out in Garden City. We can't let a two-cylinder affair get ahead of our twelve-cylinder machine, can we? I leave it to you. Speed, that's the thing."

"Captain—that's better than orders. We carry out orders, of course—but when it's a race. You just watch us!"

THE race got to be very close in the ensuing two days. Foster, so Captain Raye learned through Judge Varney, had a clew that depended on finding a peculiarly colored taxi which he hadn't been able to trace so far.

Captain Raye's man who was looking for the chauffeur of the taxi that had taken Schafer and Miss Edeson eastward from Brooklyn traced him down. The man remembered only that his fares went to the Garden City Hotel. This was not pleasing news—the much-sought-for pair really had gone east—and Foster was on a warm trail.

Captain Raye felt like the captain of a steamer who in a race puts on forced draught. He sent for O'Day to push him into action. A few minutes later, as if in answer to wishes, Brenner's throaty voice was heard outside with "We've got it, O'Day."

O'Day hustled him into the inner sanctum and closed the door.

"Got what, Brenner?"

"Got the goods on that scalawag, Meeroubjian."

"Stop babbling—tell me!" was the order.

Thereupon Brenner, who had a bit of the artistic soul, launched into a glowing description of the beauties of the Taj Mahal, that majestic tomb that rises with white queenly beauty over the huddled houses of an Indian city.

"It's the most beautiful thing in the world," said Brenner.

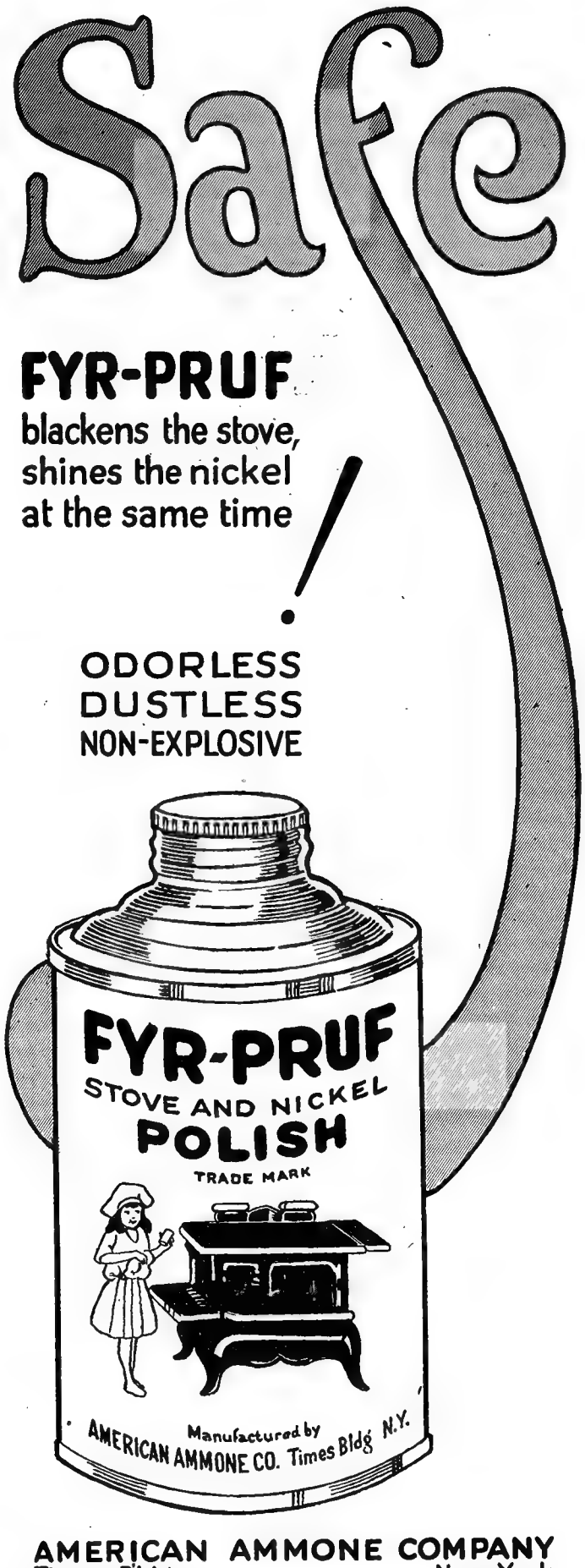
"Yes, yes, I know about that," broke in the Captain. "Come down to earth."

So Brenner told of a wonderful antique reproduction of that tomb that had the chaste carved ivory quality of the original, told of millionaires who bid for it and of the suave Meeroubjian auctioning it off among eager buyers.

He ended, however, on a slumping note—

"All that's eight years ago, though nobody could touch him now."

But the Captain felt that his hand had at last closed on something substantial, something that felt like a stick



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of dynamite that might blast away through a blank wall.

"Hush," said he, "this fellow is a Syrian and won't know of the Statute of Limitations. Besides, the beauty about a Mental Blackjack is that it's all in one blow. No time to see lawyers. Now I have the lead slug I wanted—what's that you said about the rug from Mahomet's tomb, Brenner?"

Brenner told that story, also that of the genuine piece of the Holy Sepulchre in Jerusalem, also the story of the sword of the Prophet. He was explaining that when Lieutenant Mitchell interrupted with news that had emboldened him to open the closed door.

"Here's something that may give us the jump on Foster," said he.

It was a transcript of a report just sent in from Mineola, county-seat of Nassau County, next door neighbor to Garden City and capital of the flying industry hereabout. And it told of the continued absence from the flying field of ex-Lieutenant Eschger, who had worn the double wings in France and in recent years had operated his own plane around Mineola, giving momentary thrills to those for whom scenic railways had no thrillls left. At $10 a "hop" he had made a good living with his plane until one day he had flown off with passengers and hadn't returned.

"Well, what of it?" asked the Captain.

Mitchell pointed to the date of the disappearance—December first or second. The aviator who had reported to the Mineola police had not been able to remember which day it had been.

"And look, Captain," Mitchell exploded, "a man and a woman went with him."

Captain Raye was already reaching for his hat. "That's the solution, I'll bet you. Have my machine ready outside," was his word.

"I've got that Mental Blackjack safely in my head," he smiled back at O'Day and Benner, but I'll have to tend to this first. O'Day, you go back and try Meeroubjian again. I want to see him tomorrow morning sure—and tell him I mean it. He's pretty stubborn if he stays away from Police Headquarters when he's invited that way."

"Maybe he has a reason," advanced O'Day.

THE Mineola hangars stand alongside the now shabby cantonments that in 1918 buzzed with the high life of a flying field. Captain Raye and Selden, one of his men he had picked up in starting, were out of their P. D.-emblazoned car the instant they curved into the flying field. Quick inquiries took them to Lieutenant Eschger's former quarters—where there was nothing—not even a sign to direct them.

As they made inquiries for a mechanician who had worked with Eschger a taxi drove on the field. It was robin's-egg blue in color with khaki top. Captain Raye noted its strange get-up and looked curiously at the man who rode in it. There was something familiar about the face.

"Here's the mechanic, Captain," was Selden's interruption of his thoughts.

While the mechanician told what he remembered of Eschger's departure—which had been with a suddenly-arranged-for couple from Brooklyn who wanted to get away from something, the robin's-egg blue taxi came over and the man with the slightly familiar face alighted.

He too sought word of the party that had flown away

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with Eschger, he said, an elderly man and a beautiful young woman.

Selden's eyes opened. Captain Raye's twinkled.

"This would be Mr. Foster, would it not?"

"Yes, Mr. S. Holmes Foster—pardon me, but have we met before?"

"No, I think not, but I thought I recognized your face and your errand. I am Captain Raye of the Missing Persons Bureau in New York."

Their hands struck in a grasp that told a story of friendly respect for one another—even if there might be rivalry. Foster explained that he had at last traced the taxi that had taken Schafer and Miss Edeson from the Garden City Hotel after they had taken lunch there and that the driver had brought him to the flying field, saying that had been the destination of his two passengers.

The mechanician here took up the tale, saying he believed bootlegging had something to do with the affair because it had been so suddenly arranged. The couple had kept their destination a secret, he said, and even he did not know what had become of Eschger unless he was carrying booze over the border—as one or two other flyers had begun doing. The man of the couple had known Eschger in Brooklyn and had telephoned to him only the night before the flight and made an arrangement with him to take the two of them up.

"The revenue men must have been after them pretty hot," was the sage conclusion of the mechanician.

Selden brought out his dog-eared copy of the magazine. "Was that the girl?" he asked.

The mechanician added some new black finger prints to the collection on that cover. His smile whitened between the grease-stained lips.

"Sure," said he.

With one accord Captain Raye and the Private Investigator looked up into the heavens. There was not so much as a cloud to hint at telling where an aeroplane had passed almost three weeks before.

Whither? The two men were for the first time of a single thought.

(To be continued)

A Long Jewel Hunt

Last April, when a lone bandit forced his way into an apartment on upper Park avenue, New York, and after tying up two maids, stole away with jewelry valued at $50,000, the New York police found the case a difficult one. The intruder was seen looting the jewel case, but made his escape by a rear stairway, while Mrs. Stengel, owner of the jewelry, was running to the street to call a policeman.

A careful search through the Rogues' Gallery failed to identify the robber. However, shortly before, Mrs. Stengel had seen a photograph in possession of one of her maids that looked very much like the man she had seen looting her room. Acting on police advice, she retained the services of the maid and asked no questions.

The idea was that the culprit, being kept posted from the inside, would believe that the search had been given up and would try to sell the jewelry. The Washington police had been notified, along with those of every other city, to be on watch for the loot. Therefore, when Louis Campos, of New York, offered jewelry answering the description of the stolen valuables to a Washington jeweler in July he was promptly arrested. It proved that his wife was a maid in Mrs. Stengel's employ.

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Police Magazine

UNDER AUSPICES OF THE INTERNATIONAL POLICE CONFERENCE

MONTHLY OFFICIAL MAGAZINE OF THE NEW YORK POLICE DEPARTMENT

Published by Police Publishing Co., Inc., 487 Broadway, New York

Canal 9770

Entered as Second Class Matter at the Post Office at New York, April 22, 1924, under the act of March 3, 1879

ERROL E. HART, Editor and Manager

GEORGE F. NOLAN, Advertising Manager

(Copyright, 1924)

VOL. I NEW YORK, N. Y., August, 1924 No. 4

"With a Smile"

IT is not, primarily, because this magazine has its home in New York that it devotes space this month to the now famous achievement of the New York police in handling the Democratic National Convention with a smile.

It is rather because the success of the policing at the convention affords an inspiring example to every police department.

All over the United States the old rough methods of handling crowds are passing away, but the story of the 1924 convention that 1,068 Democratic delegates have carried back to every part of the country is bound to give a tremendous impetus to the change.

From it policemen in every district in America will learn that the gloved hand and the cheery smile are actually more powerful than the club. It was not mere casual approval by passersby that was earned by these men in blue who surrounded Madison Square Garden. Far more than that.

In the closing days of a strenuous convention the thousand tired delegates found the time—and what was far more important, the enthusiasm—to stage a special demonstration for the police. Such a thing had never been heard of before at a convention. Let us hope there will be many more such outbursts in the future in many places.

The suggestion is made that police departments which wish to strengthen the ties that bind them to the citizens of their cities can do so by conducting Courtesy Drives among their members or having Courtesy Weeks.

The results to be obtained by such efforts include such praise as the following from the New York Times editorial page:

"The 'police arrangements' for the convention were as nearly perfect as anything terrestrial ever can be expected to be. * * * Not even the severest critic has doubted Commissioner Enright's competence to do regular police work well when it came his way, or questioned his possession of the even more valuable form of competence in a superior officer—that of getting good work out of his subordinates.

"Certainly the strangers in town now have been convinced that 'the finest' is a name well earned by the New York police, for not only have these visitors been handled expertly in all their gatherings, but it all has been done with good humor and courtesy.

"Nine times out of ten, and perhaps nineteen times out of twenty, anybody who has trouble with a New York policeman is himself to blame and could have avoided it by displaying as much tact, patience and consideration as does, almost invariably, the man in the blue uniform with the department badge."

Courtesy breeds courtesy and the instant effect of the police cordiality was to make its recipients cordial, too. Only those who went through those gruelling two weeks know what that inspiration to good humor meant.

Best of all, the smooth handling of the situation brought the finest possible result. "Not one arrest" was the report at the close.

Good Lighting Aids the Police

THERE is material for thought by the authorities in many cities in a report made to the city manager and the director of Parks of Cleveland by engineers of the Nela Park Laboratories showing that there is a difference of forty-one per cent in the amount of crime between the well-lighted districts and poorly-lighted ones. Of course, not all the difference is due to the lighting, but if one allows twenty per cent. as representing additional crime committed because of favoring darkness one cannot be far off the mark. Every police chief should take an interest in seeing that the city lighting department in his municipality reduces the police burden as much as possible.

Cleveland has several important streets that are not properly lighted and in addition to the greater amount of crime along them many more traffic accidents occur in them.

The report shows conclusivly that there is a distinct relation betwen the amount of light on city streets and the safety of those streets. In particular two of Cleveland's streets that are poorly lighted have a record for traffic accidents far out of proportion to similar records on better lighted streets.

The city is now considering going to a considerable expense to install a modern lighting system and so doing away with many dark thoroughfares. The Cleveland police should hail the change with joy as a lightener of their burdens.

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The Beauty of Bixschote

(*Continued from page* 13)

"The young Monsieur Dupois lives yonder. I—"

"What more—that is only half."

"The man who fled—he was like him—but I could not be sure."

"This young Dupois, had he any grudge?"

"None—but a jealousy, oh, such a jealousy!"

Jealousy—the age-old motive! M. Goddefroy looked speculatively at the distant house.

"You know this Dupois well. Did this assassin run as Dupois runs?"

Yvonne knew how much depended on that answer. She was in tears as she whispered: "I never thought—but they were—yes, Monsieur, quite like."

Here was suspicion. Where was proof? M. Goddefroy turned back toward the glade.

IN the village of Bixschote that evening there were murmurs and a good deal of gossip because the murderer of the beautiful Mademoiselle Elodie had not been caught. Everyone knew that the great expert from Brussels was there and almost everyone was frank in expressing disappointment that he had not landed the assassin.

Not that the good people of Bixschote had any clew that would help him or any idea as to who had done the shooting. They had learned during the day that the doctor who had performed the autopsy had found lodged in the back of the young woman's body a bullet of rather peculiar bent contour—a bullet that was not straight, as bullets should be, and which, when it was set up on its base, would fall over on one side. The top was so far bent to that side that the center of gravity was well outside of the lines of the base.

So much was known to everyone but to no one did the single fact afford any light, unless it might be that M. Goddefroy found it illuminating. As for him, good investigator that he was, he kept his own counsel and said nothing.

There is a curious feature about mob opinion, namely, that it is extremely variable. It often changes from one extreme of view to another in a very few moments. And just this thing happened in the village of Bixschote that very evening when the word went around that the gendarmes had suddenly seized young Charles Dupois, and had charged him with the assassination of Mademoiselle Elodie.

The young man was the son of the wealthiest handler of laces in the town, a man who had made a small fortune from the local industries and who had used his money liberally in supporting them in the hard days of the war.

The son, who had come back from the war a lieutenant, was one of the most popular of the youths of Bixschote and it was that fact which led to the queer reversal of the public outcry that was soon in evidence.

The very men and women who had been murmuring discontentedly because there had been no arrest in the murder were within an hour or so denouncing the arrest that had been made as a foolish one.

M. Goddefroy, who in the morning had been acclaimed as a great expert and a benefactor to the town, now found himself about the most unpopular person in the vicinity and decried on all hands.

There was a generous outburst of objection when the news of the arrest became public, but it was as nothing to that which occurred the next morning when the populace discovered that the charge of murder lodged against

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this prominent and popular young man was based merely on two tiny imprints in the earth and on a peculiarity in a revolver that could not be traced to the young man himself.

"What!" cried the villagers, "send so fine a young man to his death for a hole in the ground!"

Many and bitter were the comments on this new scientific police work, and through the three weeks or more that ensued before the trial of young Dupois there was no cessation of the public indignation.

The people of Bixschote, though they had loved Mademoiselle Elodie, were not of a type of mind that could readily assimilate the kind of evidence that the technician from Brussels had assembled.

And indeed to the average intellect this evidence did seem rather slight.

AS witness the scene in the court room. The judges looked down austerely on what was almost a mob of townsfolk. These were arrayed almost as one on the side of the defense.

There was not much to the trial. The identification of the body, the statement of the cause of death, the presentation of the crooked bullet, and the testimony of Mademoiselle Yvonne and the gendarme as to the finding of the body were quickly over with.

All of this was well trod ground for the villagers and caused not so much as a ripple of excitement. But when the prosecutor turned for the first time to a new angle of the case there was a stir.

From the broad doorway at the back almost to the judges bench the necks and heads of the people of Bixschote were thrust forward in eager attention. For what the prosecutor had asked was this:

"Mademoiselle Yvonne, what is it that you know that would connect Charles Dupois, the accused here, with this slaying of your sister?"

"I remember well," was the answer that trembled forth, "that the last time he saw her in my presence he told her that he loved her too well to ever let her marry another man."

Like a sound of wind in the trees was the whispering that broke forth.

Quickly the court called for order—and a semblance of it was obtained.

The Prosecutor: "He said he loved her?"

"Oh, Monsieur, there could be no doubt of that. He had paid her suit in his quiet way for two years. He is one of those who does not wear his heart on his sleeve. None knew that he paid court to my sister except she and I."

"Then this was merely a perfunctory courtship?"

"Oh, no, Monsieur, it was most intense. He is a man of the deepest feeling. He loved my sister so intensely that he could not bear to see anyone near her in all the two years since he came back from the war. She dared not be seen with other young men lest his jealous rage find vent in some attack on the young man or herself."

"Then she feared him?"

"Yes, Monsieur, for many months she feared him greatly. So greatly that she dared not refuse him. It was because of this that she kept him waiting long for the answer to his pleadings that she marry him. She dared not say no, and she would not say yes."

"Did she finally make a decision?"

"Yes, Monsieur, two weeks to the day before her death she bade him adieu for good. Lest he misunderstand she spoke in my presence and told him she could never see

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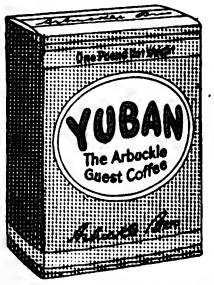

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him again except as they might meet in the village. She had decided that she could not let him rule her life."

"And what was his answer to that?"

"That he loved her too intensely to ever see her wed another man, and that despite her decision he still had hope."

"And you believe that in the two weeks that followed he lost all idea of continuing to hope?"

"Yes, Monsieur. I know it because his letter told Elodie that all was over between them."

"His letter?"

"Yes, the letter that he sent her when she went for two days to Brussels to visit friends."

"One in this family of friends is a young man?"

"Yes, Monsieur."

"And you believe that Charles Dupois was jealous of him?"

"I know it, Monsieur."

"But how do you know that the accused knew that she went to Brussels on a visit?"

"This, Monsieur—that was the cause of the letter—the visit to the friends."

"You have that letter?"

"Yes, Monsieur, here it is."

There is whispering and even murmuring among the villagers at this turning of the tables. None in Bixschote had known that young Dupois was a suitor for the hand of Mademoiselle Elodie. All had thought her engaged to the brilliant young man in Brussels, of whom most of the villagers knew.

NOW the prosecutor called his star witness, the one upon whom he depended to clinch his case.

M. Goddefroy, as he took the witness chair, wore the detached manner of the savant. He held in his hands eight objects—four lumps of plaster, a pistol of an uncommon pattern and three bullets. The pistol was an English weapon of whose ownership nothing was known.

Passing over the unessentials of M. Goddefroy's testimony we come to the pregnant answers made to the prosecutor's questions by the technical investigator.

"You accuse Charles Dupois of the murder?"

"No, Monsieur. I accuse no one."

"But you say that the shot must have been fired by him?"

"That, Monsieur, is the unescapable conclusion."

"You will state to the court how you connect this crooked bullet which was found in the body of the young woman with Charles Dupois, the accused here."

"Monsieur, this crooked bullet is the product of this slightly inaccurate pistol. One chamber in this pistol does not quite register with the barrel. It causes a curvature of the bullet in passing out, a curvature that remains when the bullet cools."

"Could not this curvature have been caused by the bullet hitting a rib in Mademoiselle Elodie's body?"

"No, Monsieur, because the bullet did not go so far. It penetrated only through the heart and was found about an inch away from and in front of the back ribs."

"Could it not have touched the front rib?"

"No, Monsieur, it passed between the two ribs. There was no obstacle to stop the bullet."

"How then do you prove that the bullet is the product of this pistol?"

"Messieurs the judges and Monsieur L'Avocat, here are

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two other bullets fired from the same chamber in the same pistol. They are marked by me as having been fired by me into soft straw. They are identical with the bullet found in the body of Mlle. Elodie except for the cross that I have made on the original bullet. If anyone doubts that this pistol produced that bullet he is at liberty to test the pistol in the presence of any officer appointed by the court. That chamber will always produce such a one-sided bullet."

"You have now connected the bullet with the pistol. How do you connect the pistol with Charles Dupois?"

"Monsieur, it is again a matter of unescapable proof."

"You have not been able to trace the pistol to the accused?"

"No, Monsieur, we have been unable to trace the ownership of the pistol, which, as you see, is of English make. We cannot learn that any one in the neighborhood of Bixschote has ever seen it."

"What of the accused? Does he admit that he owned it?"

"He denies it."

"Then how do you connect him with it?"

"The pistol, Monsieur, was found by me on a hay pile about thirty metres from the place where the assassin of Mademoiselle Elodie burst through the brush to freedom. It was on the path that the assassin of Mademoiselle Elodie would have taken in returning from the place of the shooting to the home of the senior Dupois."

"You have now connected the pistol with the shooting. How do you connect it with Charles Dupois?"

"Monsieur will observe the little cast here. The plaster cast is of a depression in the moist ground near the scene of the shooting and where Mademoiselle Yvonne saw her sister's murderer run and fall."

"What has the pistol to do with this depression in the ground?"

"Observe, Monsieur, the cast. It was taken with the greatest pains in this depression in the ground. Observe, Messieurs of the jury, that in this cast appears the exact marking of the handle of this pistol. The tiny diamonds of the gutta percha handle are exactly reproduced in this cast."

"But there are a thousand pistols with markings like that on their handles."

"True, there are many thousands such, Monsieur—in England—but not thousands of them in our Belgian kingdom."

"You mean that the butt of this pistol made the mark in the ground of which you have the cast there?"

"Yes, Monsieur—it was this way. The cast shows the three fingers of a man's right hand holding the butt of a pistol. If you will observe this second cast, Messieurs—it was one that was made with this pistol, but with my hand around its butt. I tumbled so on the ground," and he illustrated the action for the court, getting down on his left knee and his right hand on the floor, the pistol being held in his hand.

The rustle of his move was the only sound in that court room as with tense interest the people of Bixschote listened to the dramatic recital of the man from whom they had expected only a dry and scientific discourse.

"But there may be other pistols with butts marked like that. How do you connect this particular pistol with that mark in the ground?"

Monsieur will observe in this original cast the head of a screw showing in the indentation in the dirt from which this cast was taken. Monsieur will observe in this second cast, which is that of my hand on this pistol,

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the indentation of a similar screw. I will now measure for Monsieur, with the calipers, the distance between the corner of the butt of this pistol and of this screw head on the trigger-guard, which all can see corresponds precisely with the cast taken from the indentation in the ground.

"As you will see the calipers show that the two things are identical. That pistol made the indentation in the ground."

"Very good. You have now connected the bullet that killed Mademoiselle Elodie with that English pistol. You have connected that pistol with the flight of the assassin of Mademoiselle Elodie. You have connected that pistol with the indentation in the ground where the assassin of Mademoiselle Elodie fell, but how do you connect that pistol that killed Mademoiselle Elodie with Charles Dupois?"

"The next step, Monsieur, is to prove that the hand that made that indentation in the ground and which held the pistol that killed Mademoiselle Elodie was the hand of Charles Dupois."

"And how do you propose to prove that, M. Goddefroy?"

"That is the final step in the series of proofs obtained in the investigation of the murder of Mademoiselle Elodie."

"You will state it please, M. Goddefroy," and the prosecutor turned to face the once hostile audience of folk of Bixschote as M. Goddefroy, cool and imperturbable, went on with his piling up of proof.

"The final proof, Monsieur," said the Brussels investigator, "lies in the second indentation in the ground, which was also found by me at the point where Mademoiselle Yvonne saw the assassin of her sister fall. How the assassin fell I will now show you," and again he dropped down on his left knee and his right hand with the pistol in his right hand.

"There were two indentations, Monsieur, that of the hand that held the pistol and that of the left knee."

"But how can you from the indentation of a knee prove that Charles Dupois was the assassin of Mlle. Elodie?"

"Monsieur, the indentation of the knee is the climax of my proof. Monsieur will observe here the cast made from that indentation and also a cast made from a similar indentation produced by my own knee covered with a certain kind of cloth."

"Then it is upon this cloth that your proof hangs?"

"Yes, Monsieur, the indentation of the left knee shows clearly the twisted ribs of a rather peculiar ribbed worsted fabric."

"How can you prove that, M. Goddefroy?"

"Exactly the same indentation was made by my knee wearing the same fabric and you cannot tell these two casts apart except for a little difference in the shape of the knees. They were both made from indentations produced by the same cloth. You will observe that the little ridges of the twill are identical in the two casts."

"You have now connected the bullet that slew Mademoiselle Elodie with a certain pistol from England, and you have connected that pistol with the indentation in the ground made by the assassin's hand and you have through that connected the pistol with a knee wearing a certain worsted cloth. If I understand your assertion, the right hand holding the pistol and the left knee came down simultaneously when the slayer stumbled."

"Yes, Monsieur, they were at the exact distance apart that Charles Dupois' knee and hand would have been had he stumbled."

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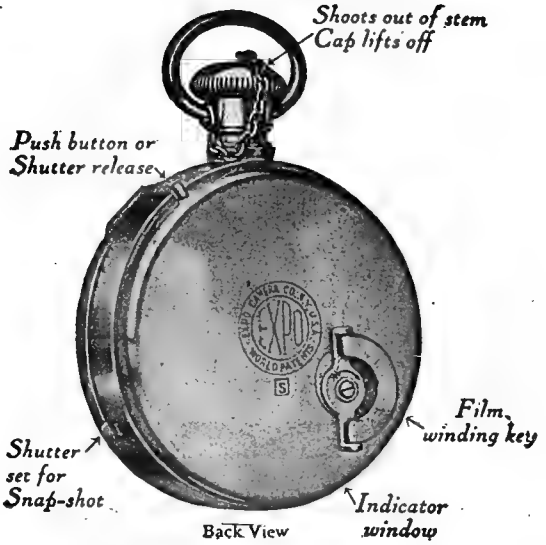

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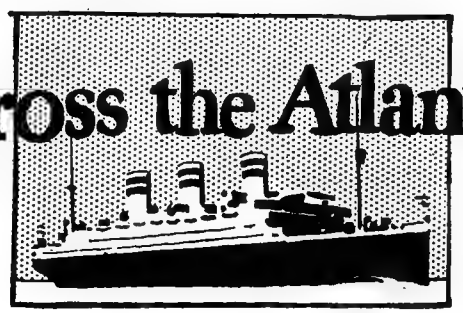

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"You now have connected the fatal bullet and the fatal pistol with a knee clad in this worsted cloth. What proof have you that that knee was the knee of Charles Dupois?"

"We have this proof, Monsieur," and M. Goddefroy produced suddenly from a loosely wrapped bundle that a gendarme handed to him, a pair of worsted trousers, blue in color. "These," said he, "are the trousers of Charles Dupois which the gendarmes found in his room on the night following the murder, when they arrested him at my suggestion."

"What is there about these trousers to connect the misshapen bullet, the English revolver, and the indentations in the earth with Charles Dupois?"

"Observe, Monsieur, the mud that still clings to the left knee of these trousers. That connects Charles Dupois with the indentation of the earth, with the pistol of English make, and with the misshapen bullet that killed Mademoiselle Elodie."

"But there is mud upon the other knee also?"

"Yes, Monsieur, it was with the other knee that I made the impression from which this second cast was made. As on the left knee, the mud has remained untouched."

"Can you be positive that the indentation in the earth was made by this worsted cloth which you produce here?"

"Yes, Monsieur. Monsieur will observe on the cast certain small places where the grain of the cloth does not show—places where little lumps of clay were taken away and the indentation thereby made imperfect. Monsieur will find on this pair of trousers precisely these little lumps that correspond to the projections on the cast. This pair of trousers belonging to Charles Dupois produced that indentation on the earth. It is beyond doubt.

"Anyone can see that the weave of the goods is exactly that of the indentation and that the tiny lumps of clay that adhere to the trousers match exactly. Also all can see that the same cloth on my knee produced exactly the same kind of an indentation. Anyone can see that the hand that held this pistol was the hand of the man who fell and caused the indentation with his knee and any one can prove that this pistol is the one that fired the bullet that killed Mademoiselle Elodie."

THE attorney for Charles Dupois waived his privilege of cross-examining this witness and with his dismissal of M. Goddefroy without the slightest attack on his statements the spirits of the townsfolk in the court room sank. Another change akin to that which occurred on the night of Charles Dupois' arrest had come over the people of Bixschote. They had attended with the purpose of aiding one whom they thought innocent. They were now there as enemies of one whom they believed a murderer.

It was with a great depression that they thought of this man who had been so popular with them. Had it now been left to the populace to pass on his guilt there would not have been one in the crowd to dissent from a verdict of guilty. And the jurymen proved to be of the same mind as the people. An hour later they returned a verdict of guilty.

Charles Dupois was doomed to death and eventually paid the supreme penalty on the evidence of a piece of earth that had received the stamp of a piece of cloth and of a bit of clay that had received the stamp of three fingers and a revolver butt and of a peculiar revolver that fired a misshapen bullet.

Such was the end of the famous case of the Beauty of Bixschote.

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European Chiefs Favor Clearing House

(*Continued from page* 15)

An interesting paper read by the Referee of Police Direction, Prague, was on the handling of juvenile runaways. It is necessary, this expert thinks, to establish some method of searching for them internationally. They have become very numerous since the war. And after this method has been agreed upon some uniform plan must be adopted for their return to their homes.

Dr. Hugo Weinberger, speaking of the social evil, said the problem could be handled only through such plans as will discover the girls before their errors have become irretrievable. Advice and counsel he considers more important than prosecution.

In Vienna, it was revealed, the police plan to drop the licensing system. It has also been determined that an energetic drive must be made against erotic literature and pictures. It is hoped to benefit future generations by changes that will amount to such suppression of vice as is now practiced in New York. Stronger laws are needed by Austria and will be sought by the police.

One of the most interesting contributions made to the Conference was a discussion of Police Technique submitted by the French; Germany furnished an interesting discussion of the effectiveness of a new method of issuing summonses for minor offenses through the mails, with a great resultant economy of time and effort on the part of the police; the French "Portrait Parle," or "speaking photograph," a most interesting method of distant identification, was discussed at length; the Italian police supplied the Conference with a study of anarchistic criminals, their methods and the ways which that country has found most effective in their handling. This subject was said to be highly important internationally, a statement with which we very heartily agree as the result of many American police experiences. Hypnotism was discussed and its importance was scouted, the police throughout Europe having carefully studied the subject and abandoned the practice as worthless.

THE suggestion was made that Police officials should be exchanged between various countries of the Conference, somewhat as professors are now exchanged internationally, and there was also discussion of the suggestion that each European country establish in the other nations resident representatives of its police. There was division of sentiment concerning this.

The Congress was made an annual event, and committees were appointed to arrange for the future.

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Death Penalty for Shattuck Robber

THE peculiar workings of criminal law in its international aspects and the value of unremitting persistence in police pursuits are both strikingly illustrated in the simultaneous appearance before courts in Paris and in New York on July 23 of Alphonse Mourey, arraigned in Paris, and Paul Camillieri, arraigned here. Both men are accused of complicity in the famous Shattuck jewel robbery in New York in 1922 when members of a rich family were imprisoned in an almost airtight cellar of the house and jewelry worth $80,000 taken.

Both the men who were brought into court that day were arrested in France, but here the similarity in their treatment ends. While Camillieri, being an Italian, was readily extradited from France to America for trial, Mourey, who is a Frenchman, was put on trial under French law in his home country.

This apparent advantage Mourey enjoyed of being tried three thousand miles away from the scene of the crime and in a language foreign to the witnesses against him, proved to be really not an advantage at all. On the contrary it brought a death sentence.

Under French law robbery with arms is a capital offense and consequently Mourey was on conviction, on the second day of his trial, sentenced to the guillotine. Had he been tried in New York the penalty could not have been greater than imprisonment, although it might have been the sixty years that three of the Shattuck robbers were sentenced to. Consequently Mourey would have been glad to have been extradited, as was Camillieri.

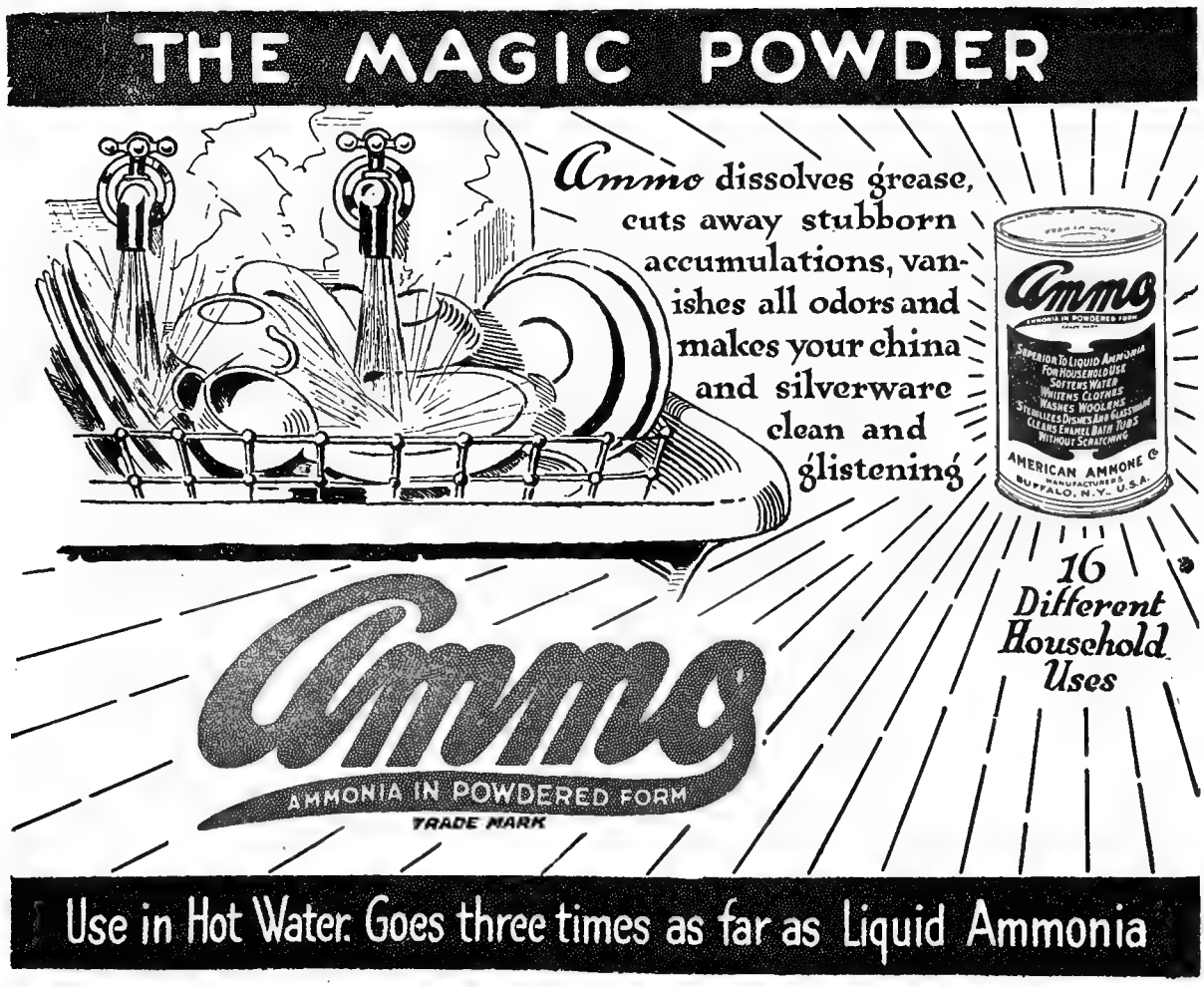
The opening of the Paris trial was marked by a frank admission by Mourey that he committed the robbery, but he vehemently denied being armed. At first he denied that the Shattucks had been kind to him and seemed somewhat to alienate the sympathies of the jury, but he afterward said that he regretted the robbery.

The French had also against Mourey additional charges of jail-breaking and attempt to kill a policeman who recently captured him after his escape from a southern prison. He was convicted on twenty-two counts.

The trials of the last two men accused in the Shattuck case will put a finish to one of the most persistent police pursuits ever maintained by any organization. The New York police kept on the trail of Mourey and Camillieri through all sorts of vicissitudes and even in foreign countries until they were at last brought before the bar.

More Portland Motor Cops

Portland, Oregon, has now twenty-eight men in its motorcycle squad and Lieutenant Frank Irving, who was the first motorcycle speed officer ever appointed in Portland, says there will soon be an increase in the number. He has been on this special duty since 1915. Portland's practice is to exchange its used motorcycles every year for new ones because of the great wear and tear on motorcycle officers' machines.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Chiefs Denounce Deadly Pistol

(*Continued from page* 20)

resenting the police chiefs and other national organizations was favored by John J. Boobar, president of the National Association of Taxicab Owners.

Criminal identification matters were brought before the convention by Chief E. Van Buskirk and Chief J. M. Quigley of Rochester.

Chief Forrest Braden, of Louisville, Ky., pointed out that there was a great difference between the situation in Canada and that in the United States. The Dominion Bureau of Identification operates under a law which compels all the chiefs in the Dominion to contribute information, whereas, Chief Braden pointed out, to obtain similar results in the United States would require the passage of 48 separate laws.

On the motion of Major R. Sylvester, of Wilmington, Del., question of continuing to contribute to the Bureau of Identification in Washington was referred to the Executive Committee.

Chief Singleton, of Watertown, N. Y., said efforts will be made to interest more cities in the National identification work.

Captain Duncan Matheson, of San Francisco, read an elaborate paper on "Law Enforcement and the Causes of Crime," making an unsparing attack on the present day laws and their application and the influence of the reformer and the politician on both.

He said that crime in the United States is on the increase because of laws without teeth, that had been passed at the behest of "so-called reformers, social nuisances, half-baked individuals, professional purifiers, and ill-advised meddlers." The indeterminate sentence and parole for the prisoner took the last teeth out of the criminal law. Penal institutions he called "pleasure resorts."

"Why not provide first-class hotels for murderers and wine and dine them until they die of diabetes or gout?" he asked.

The United States, he said, is water-logged with laws. Court procedure is clumsy, the jury system is a failure. He suggested quick arrests, stern, impartial laws administered by sure courts, with long terms of hard labor as the best formula for the prevention of crime.

Chief of Detectives Guthrie, of Toronto, supported Captain Matheson's assertions, saying that similar conditions existed in Canada.

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Secret Warfare

(*Continued from page* 19)

As a member of the Bomb Squad, I was naturally assigned to share in the work. We were keeping a sharp lookout along the water front in those days, and it was while engaged in this duty that I first came across the now famous Lieutenant Robert Fay.

Of all the German agents, Fay was one of the ablest and most resourceful. He was well educated, something of an expert in the work of the mechanical and electrical engineer. Before the war he had lived in America and he spoke the language perfectly. I believe he also served at one time in the United States Army.

When the war broke out in 1914, he immediately returned to Germany. He was commissioned a lieutenant in the army and served with distinction, earning the Iron Cross for valor on the battlefields of Champagne, where he was severely wounded. Like most Germans, he doubtless believed that the war would end in the first few months, but when it didn't he was among the first to realize the importance to Germany of a systematic campaign to cripple shipping from America.

During his convalescence, he worked out plans for several mechanical devices for bombs. Some of them were to be placed in cargoes and would explode several days after the ships had passed out to sea. The most ingenious of his inventions was a bomb to be attached to a ship's rudder post.

This one was furnished with a time clock attachment which could be wound up by movements of the rudder. When the steering apparatus was turned in one way the clock would wind. When it turned in the other it would not. When the clock was wound up to a certain degree it would begin ticking until the moment appointed for an explosion, which certainly would destroy the rudder gear and probably would inflict irreparable damage upon the hull itself.

When he explained these contrivances to his superiors they readily assigned him to an American mission, making sure that he would have all the funds he needed when he reached this side. How he got back to America nobody knows, but back he came and in a little while was hard at work.

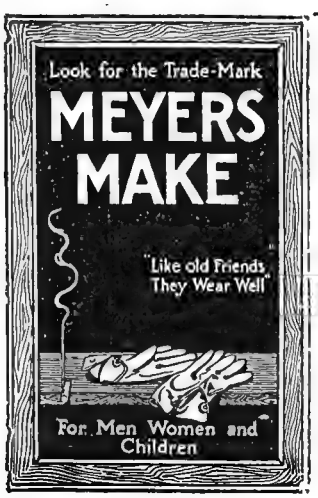
OF course I knew nothing of all this when it became my fortune to come across the path of Lieutenant Robert Fay. I was then engaged in searching the water front for suspicious characters, and something in his manner and bearing attracted my attention. Myself and a companion were disguised as longshoremen and mingling with workers on the docks, each of us keeping a sharp lookout for any person who didn't seem to belong there.

Several times as we strolled through the throngs of laborers we noticed this man. He was dressed as a laborer, too, but we noticed that he wasn't doing any work; that his hands, while soiled, did not bear the marks of toil, and that there were times when he seemed to forget the slouchy bearing of the casual longshoreman, and straightened his shoulders in a military manner. Of course, we thought it not impossible that he was a deserter from the army and so we resolved to give this gentleman our strictest attention.

ON the evening of October 21, 1915, we succeeded in following him on board a ferry for Weehawken. When the boat reached the other side, our man, after one look around which evidently convinced him he was not observed, stepped out briskly and walked to a house on Fifth Street. We trailed him until the door closed upon him. A moment later a light flashed in a window on the first floor.

Creeping up to this window, we looked in. The blind had not been closely drawn and we saw our friend go to a table that was littered with various articles, take a revolver from his hip pocket and place it in a drawer.

From that time on we rarely lost sight of his movements. We felt sure that we were on the track of big game and determined not to move prematurely. Sometimes he would evade us for short periods, but we were always able to pick his trail up again. Once we were



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lucky enough to overhear him buying some TNT with orders for it to be delivered at the Fifth Street house.

Thenceforth we watched him more closely than ever. Three days later a box marked TNT was delivered at the place. Next day we trailed our man to a lonely place near Grantwood, N. J., and by hiding behind bushes we saw him make several experiments with the explosive. He seemed to be greatly satisfied with the results, and we determined that our chase was nearing an end.

When he got back to the Weehawken house we were closely behind him. We seized him just as he entered, making sure that he had no opportunity to get at the revolver we had seen some evenings before. We demanded explanations, but he was sullen and defiant.

We then made a thorough search of the premises and found a German lieutenant's uniform, false beards and mustaches, one hundred sticks of dynamite, fulminate of mercury caps, maxim silencers, revolvers and a warehouse receipt for a trunk which, we afterwards found, contained three infernal machines. We took our man to a boathouse where we had seen him on several occasions, and there we found two high-power motor boats, equipped with machine guns and 400 pounds of chlorate of potash.

Seeing the game was up, the man readily admitted his identity. He was Lieutenant Fay. With something of a craftsman's pride in his work, he explained to us the details of his rudder-bomb, an elaborate machine of steel that would carry a charge of 100 pounds of TNT and chlorate of potash. He declared it was fixed to wreck a ship after it had made upwards of 300 miles.

Fay was convicted and was sentenced to the federal penitentiary at Atlanta, along with a brother-in-law, Walter Scholtz, with whom he lived in Weehawken. Less than two months after he reached the prison, he escaped in a characteristically daring manner.

One night there was a severe electrical storm which damaged some of the prison light wires. Being an expert in such matters, Fay was ordered to repair the damage. He walked right out under the eyes of guards and disappeared. Later he was arrested in Spain and brought back here to serve his time. Upon the expiration of his sentence he was deported.

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The Truth About John Milvane

(Continued from page 36)

guished cry when kissing and petting were done.

"Been—why I don't know—"

"That's just it, Mrs. Milvane. He doesn't know"—and the man in blue seized the lead.

Kelliher astonished both Mrs. Milvane and John Milvane himself with this:

"We picked him up on the street this afternoon and he couldn't tell us who he was. I guess he's been wandering a bit from the looks of him. The surgeons say it's aphasia—that's it. We had the hardest time trying to make him recollect he was John Milvane."

"Oh you poor dear," and feminine arms encircled the returned victim of aphasia.

"He sure forgot himself complete," said Kelliher in sober truth. "You must be gentle with him for a while and not cause any mental shock."

Which was all for Kelliher.

THE next day the minister and the trustees of his church gathered solemnly about John Milvane in united effort to get him to go away for a rest. "Some thing soothing—like the sea—would be best," said the pastor. "You might take him to the upper end of Atlantic City, Mrs. Milvane."

Milvane, inarticulate, and for good reason, flopped a protesting hand.

"Then the tops of the Poconos"—naming Philadelphia's private mountains to the northward—"and at least two months' rest would be best."

And that is where he went—for two months. To recover from his aphasia! Not even he dared to laugh.

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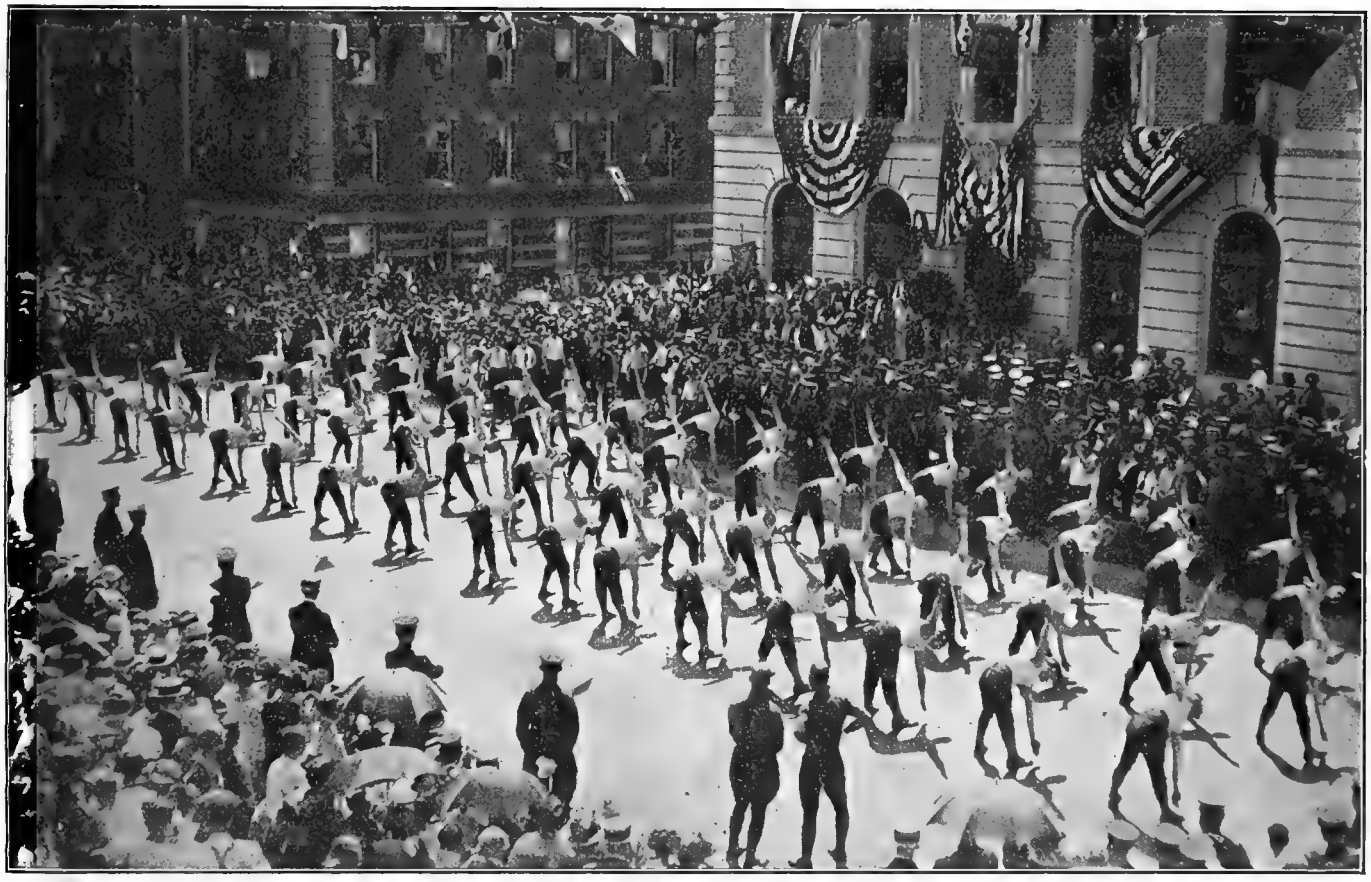

New Station House Opened

The new Forty-second Precinct, at One Hundred and Eighty-second street and Wadsworth avenue, was formally opened on Tuesday, July 15, following a parade and celebration by many civic bodies of Washington Heights.

Commissioner Enright made one of his forceful speeches. The Police Band and Glee Club furnished music and the Training School recruits gave an exhibition of calisthenics and demonstrated jiu jitsu methods of handling criminals.

The men now in the new station have been sharing the Fortieth Precinct house at 1854 Amsterdam avenue. Captain Albert F. Mason commands the precinct.

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Latest Counterfeits

For the benefit of policemen and of merchants, "Police Magazine" publishes the latest descriptions of counterfeit bills given out by the Treasury Department as a warning to persons accepting currency.

By keeping this list one can at all times have a handy reference against the growing number of counterfeits. The latest counterfeits reported are the following:

$50 Note on the Federal Reserve Bank of Richmond—"Check letter 'B'; face plate No. 3; W. G. McAdoo, Secretary of the Tresaury; John Burke, Treasurer; portrait of Grant. Apparently printed from etched plates on genuine paper obtained by bleaching small bills. The back is more deceptive than the face. The most glaring defect is in the portrait of Grant, the face and head apparently being hand-cut.

$10 Bill on the Federal Reserve Bank of New York—"Check letter 'C'; plate number indecipherable; W. G. McAdoo, Secretary of the Treasury; John Burke, Treasurer; portrait of Jackson. Appears to have been printed from crudely etched plates on a single piece of paper without threads or imitation of them. Fine lines of lathe work and those in the portrait medallion not defined. Seal and number, which are fairly good, both as to color and execution. This counterfeit should be readily detected.

$50 Gold Certificate—Series of 1913; plate number indistinct, either 13 or 43; Houston B. Tehee, Register; John Burke, Treasurer; portrait of Grant. Printed from poorly etched plates on genuine paper obtained by bleaching small bills. So poor that it hardly warrants a more detailed description.

$20 Gold Certificate—Series of 1922; check letter "C"; plate number indistinct, but looks like 15, H. V. Spillman, Register; Frank White, Treasurer; portrait of Washington. Appears to have been lithographed on two pieces of paper, between which a few silk threads have been distributed. The general appearance of the face of the bill is deceptive, but the portrait of Washington is rough and generally poorly executed. The back of the bill is red instead of yellow. Care should be exercised in the handling of bills of this description.

$50 Federal Reserve Note—On the Federal Reserve Bank of Chicago; check letter "B"; plate number presumably 11, but the second "1" is very indistinct; Carter Glass, Secretary; John Burke, Treasurer; portrait of Grant. A photo-mechanical production and dangerous counterfeit, evidently printed on two pieces of very thin paper, between which silk has been distributed. White spots in the hair and beard of Grant replace finely defined hair lines in the genuine. The omission of these fine lines brings into prominence these white places. In the oval behind the portrait the cross-hatch lines are not clearly defined, particularly above and to the left of the portrait. The back of the note is a grass green, instead of the dark shade of the genuine. Great care should be exercised in handling $50 bills of this issue.

Five Dollar Federal Reserve Note—On the Federal Reserve Bank of New York; check letter "C"; plate number indistinct; W. G. McAdoo, Secretary; John Burke, Treasurer; portrait of Lincoln. This counterfeit is apparently printed from zinc-etched plates, on two pieces of paper, between which some blue silk threads have been distributed. Workmanship so poor that it does not warrant a more detailed description.

Ten Dollar Federal Reserve Note—On the Federal Reserve Bank of San Francisco; check letter "C"; plate number indistinct; D. F. Houston, Secretary; John Burke, Treasurer; portrait of Jackson. Printed from crudely etched plates on genuine paper obtained by bleaching small bills. The work is so poor, particularly that of the portrait of Jackson, that the bill should be readily detected. The number of the specimen at hand is L20158719A. The figures are very much out of alignment and poorly formed, appearing to have been hand-made. The back presents a better apperance than the face, but is so poorly printed that the fine lathe work lines in the border cannot be traced.

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Paragraphs About Police

This Department will be gradually expanded to cover a wide field. All police forces are invited to contribute items of special interest.

New York

Members of the Police Department have promised to raise funds to purchase the old President Monroe House, located at Lafayette and Prince Streets, Manhattan. The house is now in a state of dilapidation and serves as a waste paper market. The Police propose to purchase the home, restore it to its original state and then present it to the city as one of the local landmarks connected with the nation's history.

With this purpose in view the Police Reserves gave a reception and dance at the Assembly Hall, in Police Park, Shore Road and Fourth Avenue, Brooklyn, on July 17. The Police Band furnished the music and the Glee Club entertained. The affair was a huge success and the Committee is now a step nearer the realization of its plans.

On the same evening the Patrolmens' Benevolent Association pledged itself to raise a fund from its members and the ten thousand members will each contribute to the Monroe House Fund. Other plans are under way and it is hoped that the necessary amount will be subscribed.

* * *

A recent visitor to Police Headquarters was the Honorable Shinichiro Fukasawa, Principal of the Judiciary System of Korea, who is making an international study of police methods.

Several other foreign police heads stopped here recently for the express purpose of observing police methods here with a view to applying them in their own countries. They included Police Inspector Niels, Johannes Ludvig Buch of Copenhagen, and Commissioner of Public Safety Frank Colburn and Police Chief James T. Drew, of Oakland, Cal.

* * *

While cruising in the Bay off Quarantine late at night Police launch No. 3 was mistaken for a rum-runner and fired upon by the U. S. Customs boat Surveyor. Sergeant Galvin, in charge of the police boat, was severely wounded and the superstructure of the boat was damaged. The No. 3, without lights, was watching for rum runners, when the men on the Surveyor sighted her. Without hailing, or calling to the Police boat, they opened fire with a machine gun and raked the launch from stem to stern. The Surveyor at the time was tied to the government pier.

Although badly wounded Sergeant Galvin directed that the launch be brought alongside the government boat. By the time shore was reached, he was unconscious. He will recover. Only a short time ago Launch No. 2 escaped by inches from being run down by the Surveyor.

* * *

The sympathy of everyone in the New York department has been extended to Patrolman Albert McDonnell, whose son, Francis, 7, was lured from his Staten Island home and killed by some fiend. McDonnell, who recently worked night and day on the Bauer case, and who is well known and respected in the department, has been transferred to the Detective Division to help hunt down the murderer of his son.

* * *

Men of the First Precinct spent several busy hours one day last week assuring the crowds in the vicinity of Wall and Broad Streets that no wholesale holdup was in progress. While unloading gold bars at the Sub-Treasury a guard from the Coney Island Bank dropped his revolver, which went off, wounding him in the heel. Immediately word spread that bandits were holding up the Sub-Treasury and crowds began to collect. The more cautious ones used the telephone to notify the police, and the phone rang steadily for an hour or so.

* * *

The Patrolwoman's Benevolent Association's first dinner in the Hotel Pennsylvania on June 20 was a big success, with an attendance of 1,000 members and guests. It is planned to make the affair an annual one and the success of the first venture seems to promise well for the future.

The Police Glee Club sang and a revue was staged.

* * *

George D. Hawthorne, who recently completed twenty-five years' service with the New York Police Department at the head of the bookkeeping department was honored with a testimonial presentation of a gold watch given to him by the employees of the division on Thursday, July 24. Thomas B. Gaffney made the presentation address.

* * *

The new traffic lights are now in operation on Broadway from Rector Street to Eighty-sixth Street. They have worked so well that Inspector Domnick Henry is planning to install similar lights on all principal streets running north and south.

* * *

Bearing in mind a hundred or more robberies committed in Jamaica last month, Patrolman Louis Moses of Richmond Hill Station was patrolling his beat on Jamaica Avenue, early one morning recently, when he noticed a man walking rapidly in the opposite direction. Moses turned and overtook the fellow, who greatly surprised the policeman by handing him a wallet and then starting to run.

Deciding that anyone who handed out wallets so early needed investigating, Moses gave chase and placed the man under arrest. He was found to be William Moskowitz, of 426 Sixth Avenue, Manhattan. The wallet contained $630 and several watches were found on the prisoner.

* * *

Cries coming from the middle of the lake in Prospect Park attracted the attention of Patrolman Joseph Carney, of the Park station. Wading and swimming in the direction of the cries Carney found

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David Hart, James Lee and Ethel and Susan Pitcher struggling in the water. Assuring them they were in shallow water, Carney guided his find to shore, summoned a taxi and sent them home. While rowing, one of the boys had lost an oar and in reaching for it had overturned a boat.

* * *

Principally through the efforts of Captain Daniel Kerr of the Fifth Precinct and Lieutenant Vincent Sweeney of the Twelfth Inspection District, the Highland Field and Stream Club has been organized, and already has on its roster several men high in the department.

The 2800-acre tract of excellent fishing and hunting property which the club owns at Highland, N. Y., was at first intended to be the headquarters of an organization to be composed entirely of policemen. That plan, however, was abandoned as impractical.

A membership limit of sixty has been set and already Captain Kerr has heard from 250 applicants. The 2800 acres are to be divided into parcels of 45 acres each, one of which will go with each membership.

Captain Kerr is chairman of the board of directors, and Lieutenant Sweeney is first vice-president. Captain Archie McNeil, attached to the Special Service Squad; Patrolman McGaughan of the 77th Precinct, and Sergeant "Jim" Pritchard of the Coney Island Station are among those interested in this new organization.

* * *

Arrangements are under way for this year's Police Field Days, which are to be held at Jamaica Race Track, September 6 and 13. Deputy Commissioner Faurot has charge of the arrangements and promises that the events this year will be bigger and better than ever before.

* * *

Two members were recently added to the International Police Conference roster. They are Chief Adolph Kulow of Bremerhaven, Germany, and Frank Colburn, Commissioner of Public Safety, Oakland, Cal. Chief Kulow recently spent a fortnight in New York studying local police methods when he joined the Conference.

* * *

The Police Camp has been taxed to its capacity. Reports tell of the excellent accommodations afforded guests. Deputy Police Commissioner William Gillespie of the New York Department is to be commended for his energetic efforts in making the Camp the ideal resort that it is.

* * *

Honorary Police Commissioners George MacDonald, Colonel Walter Scott, Special Deputy Commissioner John A. Harriss, of the New York Police Department and Special Deputy Commissioner Barron Collier, Commanding the Bureau of Public Safety, are now in Europe. They will attend the Olympic Games of the Constabulary of the Irish Free State in Dublin next month.

* * *

Police Headquarters, New York, is still maintaining a School of Instruction on the Fingerprint System for the purpose of bringing Police Departments throughout the country into closer cooperation and in having the Fingerprint System of identification made universal.

* * *

Other Cities

The Police of Providence, R. I., have picked up an oddity, a walking bar-room. Sergeant Tracy and Patrolman Wyatt arrested William Taylor, of 193 Pine Street, on suspicion. Search at the station house revealed that Taylor had five large pockets sewed in the lining of his coat, each pocket containing a different kind of booze. In one outside pocket were found several glasses and in the other four lemons. While in his back trousers pocket was a lemon squeezer.

* * *

One of the greatest goat raids of recent times was attempted in Newark by Acting Chief James McRell a short time ago. A large delegation of citizens of that section of Newark called Ironbound, which is between the tracks of two great railroad systems, called on Chief McRell to free the neighborhood of 100 goats, which they said were driving citizens off the walks to say nothing of destroying flowers.

A formal petition to that effect was presented, so Chief McRell sent four auto-loads of men, with humane officers as escorts, to get the goats. Riding on running boards the police tried to lasso or net the goats and did get nine—which went to the pound.

* * *

Two holdup men who robbed a cigar store in Detroit, came to grief there on a recent Sunday morning after beating one policeman and knocking down another. While lying on the ground Patrolman Isaac Farley of Detroit shot both of the men, killing Edgar Brenon of Ottawa, Ont., and seriously wounding Martin Shea. Patrolman Ernest Blanchard, who first interrupted the holdup, had been knocked unconscious.

* * *

Patrolman Frank C. McGlynn of Chicago was shot dead by four bandits when he interrupted their attempt to steal the payroll of the Sterns Lime and Cement Company, 2100 Leo Street, Chicago. The men afterward escaped with $468 of the $6,000 payroll.

An employee of the plant and McGlynn walked into the office without knowing that the holdup men were there. The employee was forced against the wall and McGlynn was shot down in the doorway as he tried to draw his revolver. The leader of the bandits gave an order to shoot the policeman if he put his foot in the door. But McGlynn, undaunted, stepped ahead, despite the fact that he was at a disadvantage in not having his pistol out.

Though the officer had been on the force only two years, he had evidently imbibed the finest traditions of the Chicago police.

* * *

Chief of Detectives Hughes of Chicago, whose untiring work led to the solution of the Franks murder, was recently in St. Luke's hospital after undergoing a serious operation. At the same time Deputy Superintendent of Police, Mathew Zimmer, was in another hospital recovering from an operation.

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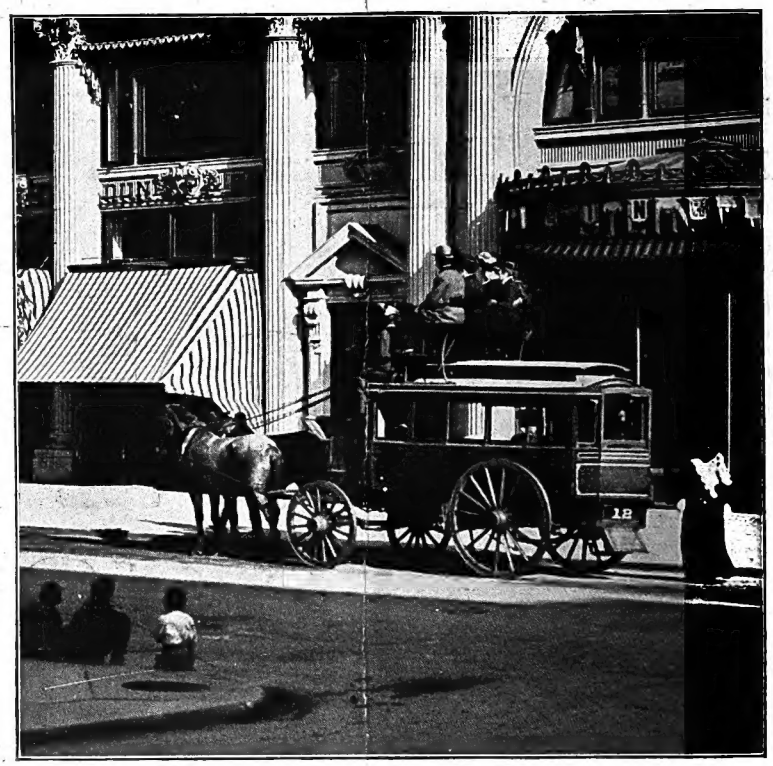
Fifth Avenue at 46th Street on a "busy" afternoon in Spring 1901



Fifth Avenue had no traffic problems in those days . . .

But the Fruhauf Idea had revised men's ideas of clothes one year before

The dignified looking gentleman surveying the Avenue from the 'bus top had two choices in dress —Fruhauf Clothes or expensive custom-tailored creations. There were no others.

Just one year before this picture was taken, the Fruhauf Shops began to hand-tailor ready-to-wear clothes. It was a new idea and nobody thought much of it, except hundreds of thousands of men who were fed up on the ready-mades of the period.

Of course, the styles of then look queer to us now. But the Fruhauf Idea was not a seasonal style stunt. It was one of those big, fundamental thoughts that upended the clothing industry and revised standards.

Years have rolled by—countless styles have come and gone. Fifth Avenue will never more present the peaceful aspect of 1901. But the Fruhauf Idea of making clothes just as fine as skill and needlework can, goes steadily on.

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